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THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

THE celebration of the QUEEN's birthday takes place to-day, and will furnish the accustomed occasion for Ministerial banquets and official festivities. It will also furnish one more occasion for the silent but sincere sentiments of a loyalty that remains among all political changes unimpaired and unchallenged from the centre to the remotest border of the Empire. The QUEEN's reign has now been a very long reign, and it has been as blameless as it has been long. As it has been a long reign and a reign full of interest and teeming with incidents, it has become possible to mark off the stages of recent English history by the epochs of the QUEEN's tenure of the crown. We are now in 1880, and we may, if we choose, go back by decades to 1840, when the QUEEN was married. It is just forty years since she entered on a married life rich in happiness to her and most fortunate for her country. If we take the year 1840 as the date of the first great event in her life as sovereign, and look at the events of that year as indicative of what was then the state of England and of Europe, we are struck by the curious manner in which the past and the present are always connected. Although we are reading of what happened forty years ago, we seem to be reading in a slightly altered shape of what is going on to-day. The year signalized by the wedding of the QUEEN and the PRINCE, and by the birth of their eldest child, was also marked by the first attempt on the QUEEN's life, when OXFORD anticipated those senseless attacks on harmless and even beloved sovereigns which have lately been shocking and alarming Europe. In 1840 Lord PALMERSTON, by the exercise of great pressure and by the manifestation of his overpowering will, got together a Convention in London "to consider the pacification of the Levant." Europe was as much troubled then as it is now with the pacification of the Levant, and the Levant is as little pacified as ever. In Ireland O'CONNELL addressed a vast assembly at Tuam, and vowed that he would never rest until Ireland had a Parliament of her own; and suggested that, when this great event happened, a column with his own burly image on the top should replace the offensive statue of WILLIAM III. Mr. PARNELL is now just as near to, and just as far from, having his effigy placed on a triumphal pedestal in honour of the first maker of an Irish Parliament as O'CONNELL was then. In regard to the East, Parliament voted its thanks to the commanders and troops who had conducted to a satisfactory close the contest in Afghanistan; a new ruler was found for Afghanistan, who was to receive the support and obey the dictation of England; and there were then, as now, persons like Sir WILLIAM MACNAGHTEN who urgently advised Lord AUCKLAND to annex Herat, and insisted that a very vigorous policy was the only effectual means of combating Russian intrigue. Historical parallels are, of course, never complete. It so happens that in each of the decennial years 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, and 1880, a Liberal Ministry was or is in power on the QUEEN's birthday. But forty years ago there was a Liberal Ministry as weak as the present Ministry is strong. The Government of Lord MELBOURNE just escaped defeat on a vote of confidence, but found itself in a humiliating minority when Mr. HERRIES attacked its general financial policy. In those days, too, there was presented a monster petition from Birmingham urging that effectual measures should be taken against Socialism, and now Birmingham sends Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to

the Cabinet. It may be added that, in 1840, LOUIS PHILIPPE brought back from St. Helena the bones of NAPOLEON, and thus opened the door to the Second Empire, which thirty years later went down in the dust of Sedan, and forty years later is giving rise to the burning question whether a monument to the heir of the BONAPARTES cannot be excluded from Westminster Abbey.

In 1850 the Duke of CONNAUGHT was born; another attack was made on the QUEEN by PATE, who received a quaint kind of punishment, being held sane enough to be transported for seven years and mad enough not to be whipped; and the PRINCE marked out in a significant way the part he was determined to play in English affairs. He placed himself at the head of the movement for the holding of an Exhibition in 1851; and, on the other hand, he refused to be named Commander-in-Chief, on the ground that it was his duty to sink himself in the QUEEN. In this year the QUEEN's birthday itself was marked by an event which at the time gave rise to much comment and some uneasiness. The French Ambassador, M. DROUYN DE LHUYS, chose to leave London suddenly on that day, and Lord PALMERSTON had to give very express assurances that this was not to be taken as a sign of an approaching rupture with France. Much the most important political event of the year was the death of Sir ROBERT PEEL. Not only was one of the wisest, calmest, and most unselfish of advisers lost to the QUEEN, but a different colouring was given to English parties. Mr. GLADSTONE had very shortly before the death of Sir ROBERT PEEL supported Mr. DISRAELI in a proposal to throw a large portion of the cost of maintaining the poor on the Consolidated Fund, and he had done this in spite of the strong remonstrances of Sir ROBERT PEEL himself, who had declared that such a proposal would spoil all financial confidence in England. On the other hand, the famous debate on the PACIFIC case and on Lord PALMERSTON's foreign policy had only just been brought to a close, and Mr. GLADSTONE had joined Sir ROBERT PEEL in opposing a policy of what both considered needless interference. It is a curious instance of the manner in which history repeats itself that, in answer to Lord PALMERSTON's memorable application to Englishmen of the old boast "Civis Romanus sum," Mr. GLADSTONE said that this was to claim, not equality, but ascendancy, in Europe; and that to urge a claim for English ascendancy was to throw Europe into confusion. Towards the end of the year appeared Lord JOHN RUSSELL's frantic letter to the Bishop of DURHAM, and the wave of angry and timid passion which led to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill swept over the country. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI joined in endeavouring to lessen the force of this wave. Apart from the question of Protection, which must sooner or later have been allowed to rest, it seemed doubtful to which party Mr. GLADSTONE would ultimately adhere. In some minor points the current topics of interest in 1850 are curiously reproduced in the current topics of the present year. The BULWER-CLAYTON Treaty was concluded to determine the questions which it was foreseen might arise out of the construction of the very canal with which M. DE LESSEPS is now busying himself. Mr. DISRAELI found in the then depressed state of agriculture an occasion for a great oratorical effort, and Mr. BRIGHT spoke at Manchester on Ireland in language which reads as if it might have been used by him a month or two ago. He recommended as measures proper for what he termed the redemption of

Ireland, abolition of primogeniture, restriction of the power of settlement to lives in being, security of tenure for the cultivators of the soil, and extension of the suffrage. Mr. BRIGHT is like the Pyramids, and looks down unchanged on a world of change.

In 1860 the most noticeable events in the public life of the QUEEN and the PRINCE CONSORT were the review at Holyrood of the Northern Volunteers—a bright episode in their lives, in which something of romance was added to demonstrations of more than usually fervent loyalty—and the despatch of the PRINCE OF WALES on his prosperous and well-timed visit to Canada and the United States. But readers of the Life of the PRINCE CONSORT know that in no year did the PRINCE CONSORT in his quiet, resolute, effectual way bring a greater influence to bear on the course of English foreign policy. 1860 was the year of GARIBALDI's adventurous expedition, of the annexation of Naples, and of the destruction of the Papal army; but it was also the year of the annexation of Savoy and Nice; and if the PRINCE was less pronounced in his sympathy with Italy than the Liberal leaders, no one did more than he to determine the Government to assume a new attitude towards the EMPEROR of the FRENCH, and to enforce the necessity of what Lord PALMERSTON called a policy of precaution and foresight towards a sovereign who began to show himself a disturber of the peace of Europe. Nothing caused in England so much irritation as the suspicion that the EMPEROR had tried to bribe England into a humble acquiescence in the annexation of Savoy by the conclusion of the Treaty of Commerce with Mr. CORDEN, which M. LÉON SAY is now endeavouring to renew. Whatever year we take, we may be sure to find in it some cloud rising on the horizon of Turkey, and in 1860 the murder of the Maronite Christians by the Druses offered the occasion of a new, and this time an armed, intervention. In home affairs the year was made memorable by the Budget speech which set the crown on Mr. GLADSTONE's financial reputation, by the introduction of GLADSTONE Claret to the ignorant British public, and by the fierce struggle with the Lords over the Paper Bill. It was the year of Mr. GLADSTONE's greatest promise, just as 1870 was the year of his greatest performance; 1870 was the year of the Irish Land Bill and the Education Bill, the year in which the Ballot was first proposed by a Government, and Mr. GLADSTONE's old object of aversion, the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, was repealed. A surplus of more than four millions enabled Mr. LOWE to propose large and popular remissions of taxation; but, by an odd coincidence, the Duke of ARGYLL had to announce that there was an unexpected deficit of a million and a half in the Indian Budget. The Indian Budget is like Turkey, and, whoever may be the Minister, it has a provoking habit of being always wrong. Of course every other event looks insignificant in a year which witnessed the great struggle between France and Germany, the collapse of the Empire, and the investment of Paris. Had the PRINCE CONSORT then been living, we may be sure that he would have heartily approved the impartiality of England and the decisive measures taken to defend the neutrality of Belgium. We may be equally sure that, when Russia in the most arrogant and uncereimonious manner proclaimed her intention of violating the Treaty of Paris and sending her ships of war into the Euxine, the PRINCE CONSORT would have improved the answer of the English Government as much as he improved that given in the affair of the *Trent*, and would have imparted to Lord GRANVILLE's despatch a tone of firmness and reserve in which it was deficient. Ten years have passed away, and Mr. GLADSTONE is once more Prime Minister and Lord GRANVILLE is once more Foreign Secretary. How utterly impossible it is to forecast the events that may mark their tenure of office during the rest of the year is singularly illustrated by the fact that on the QUEEN's birthday in 1870 not one of the great events of that year was anticipated even in the most remote and dim manner by any political speculator in Europe.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE MINISTRY.

IN the House of Lords on Monday evening the SECRETARY for the COLONIES and Lord CARNARVON, in an exchange of courteous remarks on the affairs of South Africa, seemed scarcely able to discover a

trace of the difference which ought, according to established precedent, to exist between the Government and the Opposition. Lord KIMBERLEY with some reason doubted whether Lord CARNARVON had not, in the annexation of the Transvaal, acted on erroneous information; but he agreed in the expediency of retaining the possession since it has been once for all acquired. The serene atmosphere of the House of Lords might perhaps have been inconveniently disturbed by a reference to the more exciting question of the maintenance in office of Sir BARTLE FREER. Many Liberal members are offended at the apparent inconsistency between the strong language of the former leaders of the Opposition and the decision of the same statesmen in their Ministerial capacity. Some of the malcontents assert that the alleged misconduct of Sir BARTLE FREER in a great degree accounted for the result of the general election, and that the constituencies will consequently be disappointed by his immunity from censure. Sir WILFRID LAWSON has given notice of a motion for the recall of the HIGH COMMISSIONER; and, if he proceeds with it, it is probable that strong language will be used in the course of the debate. Though Mr. GLADSTONE has endeavoured to pacify Sir BARTLE FREER's accusers by hinting at his possible future dismissal, or, as Sir S. NORTHGOTE said, "putting a rope round his neck," it may be assumed that the Government will substantially adhere to the intention which was announced by Mr. GRANT DUFF; and, on the whole, Lord KIMBERLEY and his colleagues have probably acted in accordance with the public interest.

As a general rule it is desirable, in colonial as in foreign affairs, that successive Administrations should, as far as possible, maintain a continuous policy. Lord CARNARVON introduced no abrupt change when he succeeded Lord KIMBERLEY, who in turn abstained from opposing the scheme of South African Confederation. It is true that Lord LANSDOWNE, Sir C. DILKE, and Lord KIMBERLEY himself, strongly blamed Sir M. H. BEACH and his colleagues for their alleged weakness in condoning the active or virtual disobedience of Sir BARTLE FREER; but the lapse of fifteen months may well have affected the expediency of recall, even if the Liberal party were then in the right. In this and in other matters it is not for the interest of the Opposition to taunt the Ministers with their alleged inconsistency in following the example of their predecessors. Every instance of the kind may properly find a place in some future apology for Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government; but at present it will be injudicious to head the fox. If Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was well advised in keeping Sir BARTLE FREER in office, the same reasons will justify the conduct of Lord KIMBERLEY. Mr. COURTNEY, who not unnaturally resents the apparent desertion of his cause by his former supporters, may console himself with the consciousness that almost alone in the late and in the present House of Commons he has consistently protested, not only against the Zulu war, but against the annexation of the Transvaal which was its indirect cause. Nevertheless some of the charges which he brought against Sir BARTLE FREER really tend to account for the importance which is attached to the continuance of his services. It is stated with perfect truth that Sir BARTLE FREER dismissed Mr. MOLLENO, and appointed the present Prime Minister in his place. The support given to Mr. SPRIGG by the Cape Parliament after a dissolution proved, by the only legitimate test, that the conduct of the GOVERNOR had been strictly constitutional. The personal influence, or the sound estimate of colonial opinion, which could alone account for Sir BARTLE FREER's success, is a quality of which his official superiors are bound to make use. If confederation is possible, he is more likely than any other Governor to overcome the objections to the scheme which are entertained in the Cape Colony. It is perhaps to be regretted for the immediate purpose that he no longer exercises authority in the Transvaal. His self-confidence and vigorous resolution have on one important occasion involved the Colonial Office and the country in serious difficulties; but the same qualities may be useful for an enterprise in which he may be trusted to follow his instructions. He appears to possess in a high degree the art of winning the confidence of jealous and susceptible colonists.

Before the Cabinet determined to pursue the scheme of confederation, it was necessary to form a resolution on the difficult question of the Transvaal. Lord KIMBERLEY had not found fault with the annexation when it was

accomplished by Lord CARNARVON; but probably neither statesman would have entered on the undertaking if all its consequences had been then understood. The measure was invidious, and it was at least premature. It is true that the last President of the Republic seemed to invite the annexation, though in ambiguous language. The scattered community of settlers was suffering from insolvency, from anarchy, and from inability to resist invasion. The offer of English protection seemed to be beneficial and generous; but it was not appreciated, because Lord CARNARVON or Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE imposed the authority of a stronger Government instead of waiting for an inevitable invitation. At that time the interests of the large native population of the province were not taken into consideration. The objection to the re-establishment of the Republic which is now founded on regard for their welfare is, as Mr. COURTNEY says, an afterthought; but Mr. FORSTER may nevertheless have had reason for calling attention to the subject. Thoughts which occur after the first conception of a scheme may be essential to a complete estimate of its merits. The responsibility, if any, of the English Government for the welfare of the natives, was created by the assumption of sovereignty over the country in which they lived. The afterthought, therefore, relates to a condition of things which followed annexation. It is no new discovery that duties may result from acts which in themselves were perhaps neither necessary nor justifiable. From the date of the proclamation of the QUEEN's authority every inhabitant of the Transvaal, white or black, acquired a right to the privileges of an English subject. Before protection is withdrawn the possible consequences to all sections of the population must be considered. The English traders of the towns and villages would protest more loudly than the natives against the restoration of a Dutch Republic which would regard them with little good will. The Boers themselves have been excited against English rule, and they would prefer almost to dispense with any form of government; but the patriarchal rule of every head of a family in the centre of a vast estate unfortunately implies a system which is scarcely distinguishable from slavery. As long as the Transvaal was independent, its English neighbours were not bound to superintend or criticize its domestic institutions; but it is doubtful whether it is right deliberately to permit the restoration of questionable social practices. Although it cannot be denied that there are possible or plausible arguments on the other side, yet since two successive Governments have arrived at the same conclusion there is no longer a practical issue to determine. It is now settled that the Transvaal is to be retained, and also that it is to be included in any confederation which may be formed in South Africa. The embarrassments which must be encountered will tax all the ability of the Government and of its representatives. As in the correspondence with the Austrian AMBASSADOR, Mr. GLADSTONE has had the opportunity of patriotically abandoning as Prime Minister opinions which he expressed with some vehemence in a state of "comparative freedom from responsibility." As late as March 30, Mr. GLADSTONE at Peebles said, "If those acquisitions" (Cyprus and the Transvaal) "were as valuable as they are valueless, I would repudiate them because they are obtained by means dishonourable to the character of our country." Between March and May, having assumed the responsibility of office, Mr. GLADSTONE announces the intention of retaining the sovereignty of the Transvaal.

The American Union and the Dominion of Canada furnish precedents for federal organization under ordinary conditions; but it is necessary that each member of a confederacy, as well as the central body, should enjoy popular and representative government. No English politician would willingly hinder the extension of full constitutional privileges to the Transvaal, if only the inhabitants were ready to co-operate in the arrangement; but Sir GARNET WOLSELEY publicly acknowledged the impossibility of vesting supreme power in the Boers as long as they openly rejected the authority of the Imperial Government. Lord CARNARVON referred to the almost forgotten insolence of a representative Assembly of the Ionian Islands, which, as soon as it was constituted, expressed its desire to renounce the connexion of the Republic with the protecting Power. There is no doubt that a Dutch Legislature in the Transvaal would exhibit similar contumacy, if indeed the electors condescended to return members in obedience to writs issued by the

English Government. For the present the province must be subject to a provisional administration, and officers appointed by the Crown will scarcely be recognized by other colonies as representatives of one of the confederate communities.

The Transvaal is not the only province which may perhaps throw impediments in the way of the project which has found favour with successive English Administrations. The Government of the Cape, which properly claims the initiative, has proposed a Conference, and its present Ministry appears to concur in the policy which is vigorously promoted by Sir BARTLE FREERE; but it is doubtful whether Mr. SPRIGG's popularity will survive the difficult negotiation which he has undertaken. The Cape Parliament will scarcely consent to deal on equal terms with Griqualand or Natal, and the separation from the colony of the Eastern province as an independent member of the Confederation would provoke strenuous opposition. The native difficulty affects the Cape Colony but lightly in comparison with the pressure on the thinly-inhabited districts which find themselves in the midst of uncivilized and warlike tribes both within and without their borders. If nevertheless Lord KIMBERLEY succeeds in accomplishing the union of the South African provinces, he will have deserved well both of the mother-country and of the colonists. The failure which is an alternative possibility might suggest the question whether the same object might not be attained by the annexation of some or all of the provinces to the Cape Colony. Such a measure would gratify the self-esteem of the colonists; and it might be not impossible to combine it with the establishment of local institutions. The Imperial Government is only so far interested in the question that it is entitled to relief from the burden of Caffre or Zulu wars. It may be doubted whether any of the colonies are disposed heartily to facilitate a result which is both just and indispensable.

THE GOVERNMENT BURIALS BILL.

THE Dissenting wing has had a prompt and bountiful instalment of those good things which it understood to be in store when it was dubbed the backbone of the Liberal party and landed for not frightening its neighbours by crying "disestablishment" at the General Election. In the good old times, when the candidate grew effusive over the incorruptibility of the borough, and his friend from London got into a way of tapping his pocket, the electors apprehended the situation and were discreet. Mr. GLADSTONE did not even mention a Burials Bill in his significant appeal to the Nonconformists of Marylebone; and yet no more than a week of real Parliamentary work has passed before it has been brought into the House of Lords, and in another week it is to be read a second time.

Lord SELBORNE is the Minister upon whom the task of introducing the measure devolved; and he has justified the choice by the courageous ingenuity with which he marshalled for the purposes of the debate the history of the question. The space within which he moved was a world of pure intentions on every side, though strangely condemned to exist under laws alike unfair and indefensible. Loving Dissenters embraced sympathetic Churchmen all round, and not a breath of politics disturbed the pious accord. No SPURGEON, no LANDRELLS, and no DALE had ever formulated insulting menaces against the Established Church; no Liberation Society had ever proclaimed, with a cynicism which we had, till we heard Lord SELBORNE, thought more bold than wise, not only that it meant to disestablish the Church, but that it was fighting for the Burials Bill as a sure and large instalment of the object which it was openly seeking. Except in a few curt and obscure words near the close of his speech, the LORD CHANCELLOR did not condescend to notice the fact which, as far as the present contest goes, makes the strength of the Church's plea and the weakness of its assailants—the abandonment in the most practical form by the Dissenters of the theory that the churchyards were national property, when they abolished compulsory Church rates, and so contracted themselves out of the obligation to maintain those grounds. In doing this they took care also to throw on Churchmen the exclusive obligation of having still to find burial space for their non-contributory fellow-citizens. When the CHANCELLOR grew pathetic over the restrictions

which forbid any service but that of the Church within the churchyards, he omitted to notice that the complainants were the sects whose proud boast had all along been, till the value of the Burials cry became apparent, that they and their fathers had ever witnessed against the Papistical idea of ceremonialism in funerals. While Lord SELBORNE brandished in the face of the Opposition the narrow majorities with which the Burials Bill, or the analogous resolution, had in successive years been rejected in the House of Commons of 1874, he found it convenient to forget that these narrow majorities were made up of members from Scotland and Ireland as well as from England, and that, as in each of those countries a burial system widely different from that of England prevailed, so these representatives on either side of the House did not very clearly understand or care very much for what they deemed an English difficulty. Had he subtracted the Scotch and Irish contingents, he would have found how enormous were the majorities against the Burials Bill among the English members, for whom alone the question was one of practical importance. So patent was this fact that upon one occasion Mr. O'DONNELL astonished the world by voting against Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, and then explained his action by a letter to the newspapers, in which he claimed to be returning good for evil by giving to Englishmen a practical illustration of the real working of Home Rule.

After making all allowances for the exigencies of a very difficult political situation, we object to this method of cooking a question by a man so eminently respectable as the LORD CHANCELLOR, as intrinsically immoral. Though Lord SELBORNE attempted to gloss over the fact in his outburst of emotional charity, it is vain to deny that the adoption by a Liberal Government, simultaneously with its accession to power, of the principle of Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Bill is the triumph of the anti-Church section of the dominant party. Accordingly the conduct of the measure ought to have been allotted to some representative within the Ministry of that section; to Mr. BRIGHT, for instance, or Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, or, still more appropriately, although he is not in the Cabinet, to Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN himself. But, if it were thought better policy to leave the question to Lord SELBORNE, a confession of facts as they are would have secured more respect for the policy and won more genuine confidence to the project.

The operation of the Bill is to extend to cemeteries as well as churchyards, and will involve absolute free-trade in burial everywhere. Church service, non-Church service, or no service at all, are to range over the entire area alike of consecrated and unconsecrated ground. This large concession carries with it the advantage that it avoids the recognition as such of the Dissenting minister, and throws the onus of the choice upon the dead person's representatives. The nugatory restriction invented by Lord HARROWBY that the services are to be "Christian and orderly," with some solemnly trifling provisions against provocative praying, are to appear in the Bill, and will no doubt duly exercise clerical and legal ingenuity. Perhaps a dead Jew's burial service, even if he had been a Jew of Sheffield, would be interpreted to be Christian for the purposes of the Act, while the only thing not orderly about a Roman Catholic funeral may possibly be the conduct of those friends of Mr. GLADSTONE who will not see in the right given to monk and friar to perambulate the churchyards a sufficient compensation for Lord RIFON'S appointment.

The peremptory refusal, of which the LORD CHANCELLOR was mouthpiece, to make any distinction between ancient and modern churchyards, may no doubt be beneficial to the Church's enduring right to retain its old as well as its modern churches, when the disestablishment party may find itself strong enough to formulate the terms of ultimate confiscation. But Lord SELBORNE need not have been so fierce in the censure which he administered to living donors of churchyards for the offence of having made these gifts upon the presumption that the condition of affairs which prompted their generosity would not be rudely or soon shaken. "The Church is established," he said in effect, "and you ought to have known that and have been prepared to enjoy the spectacle of the secular authority altering the distribution of your own gift before your living eyes. Had you belonged to a non-established body the case would have been different." After all, generosity is not so very heinous a

crime, and the natural commentary upon Lord SELBORNE'S dictum would be, that after all it might be safer to face disestablishment. It is, however, undeniable that the claim so bluntly set up by the LORD CHANCELLOR would be a cogent precedent with those Liberationists whose astuteness led them to eschew the mistake of prematurely raising the question of dispossession for putting forward a claim to a joint use of the churches, which would effectually attain the same end.

We cannot, on Lord SELBORNE'S vague description, consider the projects of alternative Church burial services, crudely borrowed from some recommendations of Convocation to which the attention of the country has hitherto been very cursorily directed. Whatever else may come of this Bill, we feel that we are on safe ground when we prophesy that its fruits will not be peace, goodwill, and general contentment. To the Liberationists it will be only the whet before the full feast of disestablishment, and to the Church a present detriment and a bitter recollection.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S CASE.

IT is much to be regretted that the Act which allows of affirmations without religious sanction in courts of justice was, by inadvertence, not so framed as to include the Parliamentary declaration of allegiance. It was also unlucky that the Select Committee which considered the question divided, with one exception, according to the political opinions of its members. In the House itself the two parties, for the most part, incline to opposite opinions, in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE'S exhortation to deal with the subject exclusively on judicial grounds. The decision of the first Committee by the Chairman's casting vote was probably correct; and, as both Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF and Mr. GLADSTONE remarked, it may have been fortunate for Mr. BRADLAUGH that he was not allowed, by taking his seat, to incur the risk of penalties which the House of Commons would have had no power to remit. No such complication would have resulted from the admission of a member in accordance with statutory conditions; but, as Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF formally objected to the administration of the oath, it was thought expedient to institute a second inquiry into Parliamentary law and custom. By proposing the appointment of a Committee Mr. GLADSTONE so far gave his sanction to the protest as to concur in the opinion that there was a difficulty or a doubt to be solved; and yet it is certain that, but for the intervention of a private member, Mr. BRADLAUGH would have taken his seat without liability to future question of his right and with little risk of penal consequences. The statute which imposes on members the oath or declaration of allegiance is peremptory and unconditional. The applicant for admission to the House of Commons is not bound to hold, to utter, or to suppress any theoretical opinion; nor is it competent to any other person or to the House itself to question either his good faith or the binding effect of the obligation which he incurs. The present case is complicated by Mr. BRADLAUGH'S declaration in the House that the oath was not binding on his conscience. If he had made the statement in any other place, or in a letter to the newspapers, it could not properly have been noticed.

It was only by accident that the formal sanctions of oaths became religious tests. The purpose of legislators was to exclude those who objected to some definite proposition, as, for instance, to the royal supremacy or to the title of the reigning family. It was afterwards found that Jews would not pledge "the true faith of a Christian," and Mr. BRADLAUGH at first objected to the more comprehensive formula of "so help me God." If the first Jewish member to whom the oath was tendered had been willing to take it in the usual form, there is no reason to suppose that he would not have been allowed to conform. It is for Parliament to provide a remedy for an indecorous result which had not been anticipated. Many members probably agreed with Mr. WALTER that a mere declaration of allegiance might be advantageously substituted for an oath; and some bolder innovators may have further doubted whether any test or promissory statement is now necessary or useful. The expediency of oaths or of equivalent forms in judicial proceedings raises a separate question. Witnesses would probably be more careless and more inaccurate than at present, if they were not solemnly reminded of their moral and legal responsibility; and to

the great majority of the population an oath is the most sacred and most intelligible guarantee of truth. The oath of allegiance is not likely to affect the Parliamentary or political conduct of any member. It is useless to pursue the inquiry further, as no change in the existing practice is at present likely to be proposed. If a public profession of allegiance is thought useful, no impediment ought to be placed in the way of general acceptance of the pledge. A large portion of the House may perhaps have sympathized with Mr. GIBSON's eloquent denunciation of opinions which involve a disbelief in all religious sanctions; but it is notorious that many members who have taken the oath of allegiance can have attached no special value to its terms. Atheism, or, as it is more fashionably called, agnosticism, is openly avowed by scientific and popular writers; and not long since a strong-minded woman was allowed to publish in a well-known periodical a professed apology for modern atheism. It is not necessary to discuss the question whether any class or sect ought to be disqualified for the exercise of official or representative functions. It is quite certain that no such disability could now be imposed; and, on the whole, it is well that inquisition into religious opinions should have fallen into total disuse.

It was to be expected that some speakers should diverge from the principle which was the proper subject of debate into the special circumstances of the case. The other member for Northampton remarked that the constituency which he is perhaps proud to represent had chosen his colleague, not for his religious, but for his political, opinions. If more extravagant doctrines of either kind could be invented, they would probably be still more acceptable to Northampton flesh and blood. It happened that some of Mr. BRADLAUGH's political opinions were submitted to the House in illustration of his alleged dissent from the substance as well as from the terms of the oath. It appears that he has contended for the right of Parliament to set aside the succession to the Throne, and that the genuineness of his allegiance may therefore be plausibly disputed; but the Act of Parliament requires that an oath or declaration shall be administered, and not that its language shall be consistent with the former declarations of the member who accepts it. It is legally possible that an adversary of monarchical institutions might be provisionally or permanently converted by the obligation of a voluntary promise. More than one member of the present Government has declared his preference for a Republican form of government; but there is not the smallest risk of any Ministerial conspiracy against the throne. Mr. O'DONNELL indulged in more personal criticisms, which were irrelevant, though they may possibly have been not undeserved. It is out of the question to overrule the choice of a constituency on the ground of character or conduct. The experiment failed signally a hundred and twenty years ago when WILKES was expelled from the House of Commons for publishing a libel which was designated as profane and indecent. The claim of jurisdiction by the House was not disputed, but the subsequent refusal to admit the offender on his re-election produced a dangerous strain on the Constitution. The safer course which was followed when the Jewish member for the City of London refused to take the oath is not in the present case practicable. Mr. BRADLAUGH might have continued to be member for Northampton, though he was not allowed to take his seat, if he had persisted in his objection to the oath. An adjudication by the House that he could not be allowed to comply with the conditions of occupying his seat would be equivalent to expulsion.

If the Crown and Parliament possess supreme and absolute power, of which the larger share is appropriated by the House of Commons, the constituencies are invested with an anterior and irresponsible sovereignty. In the early part of the present century a half-crazy borough-monger was said to have threatened that he would return his negro footman to Parliament. If his nominee had been a natural-born subject, and if he had been willing to take the prescribed oaths, the choice of the nominal electors could not have been disputed, though such an outrage might probably have precipitated a measure of Parliamentary reform. The present constituencies are not liable to be disestablished, however grossly they may abuse the privileges entrusted to them by modern legislation. The worst that can happen to unscrupulous electors is that they should be reinforced by the admission of a still lower and more reckless rabble.

Stoke-upon-Trent five or six years ago, and Northampton at the present election, have reduced to an absurdity the fundamental principle of a democratic constitution. As it is impossible to retract concessions of power to the multitude, it only remains to counteract, if possible, by the aid of more scrupulous constituencies an evil which may be endured unless it spreads. The majority has no censorial functions, though the House is entitled to notice and punish offences committed against itself. The social relations of an objectionable member are not likely to be attractive or enviable. A member of the last Parliament who could not find a colleague to introduce him must have suffered during his time of representation punishment fully adequate to his demerits. Less disreputable demagogues, though they are not excluded from ordinary intercourse, have often been politically extinguished by exchanging the direction of dupes for the society of equals and superiors. When they become more numerous in Parliament, they will also be more dangerous, because they will keep one another in countenance. The caprices of the multitude are exhibited in France on a still larger scale. The second city in the Republic insists on returning to the Assembly a mischievous old fanatic who is not even legally qualified for a seat. At the next election several Communists will probably be elected, in reward of their share in one of the most criminal of civil wars. The danger is not yet so imminent in England; and, such as it is, it cannot be averted by any kind of oath or declaration.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

IT is impossible for foreigners to share even the languid interest which Americans take in Presidential elections. The difference of opinion between Republicans and Democrats is barely intelligible; and it is still more difficult to distinguish the claims of candidates for nomination. At present Republican politicians concern themselves more with the prospects of the party Convention at Chicago than with the final trial of strength in the election of a President. The chances of the three principal candidates are so doubtful that some obscure rival may not improbably at the last moment be preferred. It is objected to Mr. BLAINE that he has, like most conspicuous Americans, been accused of questionable pecuniary transactions. Mr. SHERMAN is charged with using his official influence in support of his candidature; and General GRANT's success is endangered by the scandals of his former administration, and by the prejudice against a second re-election. The hope that he would be selected by popular acclamation has not been confirmed; and the skilful manipulation by his friends of important State Conventions appears to have been partially counteracted by other influences. Some of the Philadelphia and New York delegates have announced their intention of disregarding the instruction to vote for GRANT. On the other hand, the result of the Illinois Convention is thought by those who understand the mysteries of electioneering to be favourable to his pretensions. The candidate who obtains the largest number of votes on the first ballot scarcely ever obtains nomination, unless he is supported by an absolute majority of the whole Convention. Of the whole number of votes GRANT had lately secured more than two-fifths; but it was doubted whether he would obtain one-half. The Democrats have determined to await the result of the Chicago Convention before they nominate their own candidate at Cincinnati. Mr. TILDEN is supposed to have the best chance of nomination; and any Democrat who may be chosen will be supported by the whole strength of the party. Patriotic citizens will expect the decision with equanimity, in well-founded confidence that the country will continue to flourish under GRANT, or BLAINE, or SHERMAN, or THURMAN, or TILDEN.

As if to relieve the dulness of domestic politics, the diplomacy of the United States is always aggressive and pugnacious, if not litigious. Whether a new rule of international law is to be enacted, or an existing treaty to be interpreted, the Secretary of State, to whatever party he may belong, prefers demands which are thought expedient with the confidence of entire security. No Government willingly comes into collision with a Power which cannot be assailed or coerced; and consequently it is thought unnecessary to consult foreign susceptibilities. Lord GRANVILLE inherits from the late Government, which would

willingly have avoided occasions of difference with the United States, two controversies of different kinds. The PRESIDENT and his Cabinet have, in defiance of theory and precedent, lately asserted a virtual claim of sovereignty over the Isthmus of Panama which belongs to an independent State, and which is specially protected by a treaty between England and the United States. As it is impossible either to find an excuse for the demand in the common law of nations, or to explain away the provisions of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty, the American Government proposes arbitrarily to rescind the agreement, and boldly extends the so-called MONROE doctrine to the case of a projected canal between the Atlantic and Pacific. If no resistance is offered, the trade of England and of Europe would, in the event of the construction of the canal, be made subject to the irresponsible control of a commercial rival who might be a political enemy. Nothing would be easier than, by another strain on the elastic MONROE doctrine, to declare that the canal was a link in the coast navigation of the United States, and that it was consequently subject to the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, and to any tariff of tolls which might be enacted by Congress. The proposition would not be more novel than the assertion that the Americans have a right to prohibit M. DE LESSEPS'S enterprise. It will be necessary for the English Government carefully to avoid any direct or indirect acknowledgment of pretensions which have no foundation in public law or in justice.

Another and more pressing dispute is founded on a clause in the unfortunate Washington Treaty. There is a certain difficulty in the question; and the SECRETARY of STATE, with the approval of the PRESIDENT, decides the case in favour of the United States, and at once proceeds to enforce his judgment by reprisals. It might have been supposed that the humiliation of England in the Washington negotiation and its consequences might have satisfied the most exacting litigant. The English Government submitted to the enactment of an *ex post facto* law for the decision of an existing controversy; and at the arbitration it was in the first instance encountered by an insolent demand, which was too extravagant even for arbitrators who afterwards awarded damages of nearly double the amount which the American Government considers itself able to distribute. There can be no doubt that the admitted failure of justice ought to have been corrected by the voluntary repayment of the surplus; but the English Government was well advised in considering that the litigation was at an end; and the United States could not be expected to discharge a debt for which it was only morally liable. The arbitrators in the case of the Canadian fisheries appointed under the same Treaty awarded a sum far smaller than the claims of Canada; and, because the American arbitrator had, probably in accordance with instructions, declined to concur in the award, the American Government first hesitated to recognize the validity of the judgment, and then appealed to the English Secretary of State to waive the undoubted rights of the Dominion. Lord SALISBURY with good reason demurred to the extraordinary proposal, and the money was paid with an ungracious protest against the justice of the award. If the decision of a tribunal voluntarily selected had not been binding, there would have been much better reason for objecting to the iniquitous Geneva award.

By another clause in the treaty, American subjects acquired a right to fish for a term of years on the banks of Newfoundland; and English colonists were at the same time admitted to share a less valuable right of fishing in American waters. By a local law of Newfoundland anterior in date to the treaty, fishing was forbidden during a close season; and some Americans who fished in defiance of the regulations were violently driven off by Newfoundland fishermen. Mr. EVARTS preferred a claim for damages which might probably have been settled by agreement, and at the same time he insisted on the right of American fishermen under the treaty to disregard the local law. In a succession of argumentative and indignant despatches he contends that an absolute grant by a sovereign Government cannot be controlled by any condition not originally inserted in the text. Lord SALISBURY admitted that no intentional or vexatious restraint could be applied to American fishermen by legislation subsequent to the Treaty; but he urged, certainly not without plausibility, and apparently with good reason, that the grant must be construed by the state of affairs which existed

when the Treaty was concluded; and that it would be monstrous to exempt foreigners from restrictions which were presumably imposed on native fishermen for the benefit of the industry in question. It might well happen that the prosecution of the fishery during the close months would render the regular fishing operations worthless. The colonial Government had given the best proof of its good faith by enacting the regulations, to the possible detriment of its own subjects, when there were no American strangers to restrain or to exclude. The effect of compliance with Mr. EVARTS'S demand would be to overrule the local law even as regarded native fishermen; for it is difficult to suppose that the inhabitants of Newfoundland would stand patiently by while their waters were swept by foreigners in virtue of a legal quibble.

Mr. EVARTS is well aware that one of the principals in the treaty is not identical with the communities which are immediately interested in the controversy. *Delirant reges*, the English plenipotentiaries neglected to guard against the subtleties of special pleading; *plectuntur Achivi*, the fishermen of Newfoundland are to be robbed of the sea-harvest by which they live; or, in default of submission to the American demand, Canadians are to be denied the right of bringing their fish to American markets. If the SECRETARY of STATE, who coolly proposes to rescind the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty, is nevertheless anxious to guard the sanctity of the letter of treaties, even when it conflicts with the spirit, it would have been easy to agree on a supplementary contract by which the Newfoundland question might be settled; but it seems that no law is valid in opposition to the real or supposed interest of the United States, and also that any law which can be interpreted to the advantage of the United States must be liberally construed and strictly enforced. The refusal to execute an undisputed provision of a treaty because there is a difference of opinion as to the interpretation of another clause is somewhat beyond the limits of sharp practice; but the traditions of American diplomacy are consistent in the harshness of communications with England. Pertinacity has for the most part produced no retaliation, for the strong language recorded in the archives of the Foreign Office is almost wholly on the American side. There may perhaps be some convenience in the change of Ministry if it gives an opportunity of forgetting any irritable feeling which may have been caused by Mr. EVARTS'S method of negotiation. It seems impossible to enforce on the Newfoundland fishermen acquiescence in a monopoly established in the interest of American citizens; but perhaps one of the numerous oversights in the treaty may be set right in return for some other concession.

M. LÉON SAY'S ELECTION.

THE election of M. LÉON SAY as President of the Senate may serve to avert a conflict between the two Chambers of the French Legislature. Until a day or two before the election it seemed likely that M. JULES SIMON would be nominated as a candidate, and that he would receive the support of the Right as well as of that moiety of the Left Centre which regards M. DUFAURE as its leader. As the Senate is at present constituted these two sections, if they act together, can command a majority. The Government, it is supposed, would have preferred M. LEROYER; but their object was of course to detach as many of the DUFAURE group as possible from the coalition, and for this purpose M. LÉON SAY was the best candidate they could have. His reputation as a financier is an excellent answer to the doubts which the Right are always trying to excite of the Ministerial soundness on questions of taxation and property. The position of the Right is in this respect a difficult one. They have to sow suspicion of the Republic among classes of Frenchmen who have no sympathy with their special views. The reasons why a Legitimist or a Clerical dislikes the Republic are patent to everybody; but they are not reasons which have any force outside the Legitimist or Clerical factions. The shopkeeper and the peasant are not in the least disturbed at the social anomalies which seem so shocking to men accustomed to Courts. A President who maintains no external state, and is denied the income which would enable him to maintain any; a Cabinet in which none of the historical families of France are represented; a Government which knows nothing of society, and is in its

turn ignored by it—are phenomena which to many Frenchmen must seem to presage the end of the world. It is true that under the Second Empire the Royalists stood apart from the Government, but they did so of their own free will. There was a Court which they might have attended and a society in which they might have mixed if they had been so minded. The Empire at least paid the old order of things the compliment of imitation; the Republic proclaims to every one that it would not revive it if it could. But if the Right were to tell the nation generally of the loss which it has thus sustained, they would find no listeners. If they are to make converts in an unbelieving generation, they must appeal to some sentiment which is shared by those whom they address. They find this in the alarm which is so easily excited in the minds of Frenchmen by the prospect of an attack upon property. It is much more difficult than it used to be to create this alarm. Among the many bad qualities of the Republicans, one of the most conspicuous is the fact that many of them are rich. During the recent elections in this country we were made familiar with the argument that the heir to the Dukedom of DEVONSHIRE was not likely to support any revolutionary attack upon landlords; and in every district of France Republican canvassers can point to some well-to-do member of their party and ask a hesitating voter whether such a man is likely to lay any unfair burden upon realized property. It may be supposed, however, that just as Lord HARTINGTON'S prospective wealth has not entirely reassured English Conservatives, so there are French Conservatives who draw no consolation from the number of well-to-do Republicans whom they see around them. It is possible that M. LÉON SAY'S reputation may prevail with some who have not allowed themselves to be influenced by less famous names. That the best known financier in France should be the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the Senate is a fact which the most ingenious croaker of the Right will find it hard to deal with.

It is especially fortunate that M. MARTEL'S successor should not have been M. JULES SIMON. All M. SIMON'S cleverness could not have prevented his election from being taken as a direct challenge to the Government. It would have been regarded all over France as an intimation that every Ministerial measure must be submitted to the censorship of a hostile majority in the Senate. This would have been a state of things which the Right would have seen with natural and even legitimate enjoyment. They are not concerned to keep the present Constitution in good order. Their object is directly the reverse of this. Every hitch in the working of the new machinery is valuable as evidence that the machinery itself is unsuited to the nation upon which it has been forced. A deadlock between the two Chambers would be a real godsend to men in this temper of mind, and M. SIMON'S election would have made the occurrence of a deadlock exceedingly probable. It will require very great prudence to guide the Senate through the difficulties which are likely to be in store for it, and even the greatest prudence may fail if the difficulties themselves should become at all more serious than they are already. M. SIMON might have proved an excellent tactician, but the fact of his election would have had precisely this result. The Chamber of Deputies would have taken it as a declaration of war on the part of the Senate, and it would have been eager to show, by sending up some more than commonly obnoxious measure, that it was not in the least afraid of its adversary. The relations between M. SIMON and M. GAMBETTA would have only made things worse. It is of great importance that the two Presidents should have no mutual dislike, and unless M. GAMBETTA and M. SIMON have had great injustice done to them by rumour, they must entertain a good deal of mutual dislike. In all probability, therefore, the Senate would before long have found itself compelled to choose between altogether abandoning its pretensions as a revising and moderating Chamber and giving effect to them at the risk of provoking a formidable outburst on the part of the Chamber of Deputies. Of course this choice may be forced on it under M. LÉON SAY as well as under M. SIMON; but the chances of its being so are less. The majority in the Chamber will not now be tempted, as it would have been if M. SIMON had been elected, to resent the rejection of a Bill by the Senate as an insult to itself as well as to the measure rejected. Nor will it be under any special inducement to show its independence of the Senate by insisting on its assent to some Bill which

the majority of the Senators are known specially to dislike. Legislation will be allowed to take its natural course without being diverted into channels which have no merit beyond that of tending to set the two branches of the Legislature at issue with one another.

The gain of this will be that the longer the present Constitution can be protected from serious assault the more likely it is to last. The existence of a Second Chamber is very unpalatable to a large number of Republicans. In spite of its being elected in the last resort by universal suffrage, they profess to regard it as in some unexplained way a standing slight to universal suffrage. Now that the Constitution has been amended by the transfer of the Legislature to Paris, it can easily be amended again; and it is difficult to form an opinion how a proposal to alter it by the abolition of the Senate would be received if it were made in consequence of a quarrel between the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The longer the Senate lasts the more hold it is likely to get on the country. The groups of electors who return the Senators will less and less like the prospect of being deprived of the check they can now exert on the Chamber of Deputies, and if the *Scrutin de liste* should be substituted for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*, this feeling will become more powerful still. It would be extremely unwise for the Senate to forego its claims as a revising Chamber merely to postpone the day of collision with the Lower House, since by so doing it would lessen the force of the argument in favour of retaining it. But on the other hand it is greatly to be desired that it should avoid every occasion of collision when no really important question is at stake. By taking M. SIMON as its President, it would have provoked a contest for no adequate motive, and risked defeat in a field where even victory would have brought no permanent gain.

INDIAN REFORMS.

LORD HARTINGTON may well have felt aghast at the number, complexity, and importance of the questions which awaited him at the India Office. The position of things in Cabul is just now replete with problems any one of which, if solved in the wrong way, may lead to the gravest results. How, and when, and on what pretext, to get the army of occupation back into British territory; what to do with Candahar; what line to take in the difficult negotiations with ABDUR RAHMAN; what precautions to adopt against the destruction of our partisans, which is the too probable result of our departure; how, in fact, to evolve order and safety out of a state of things not far removed from chaos—these are the topics on which the new Indian Minister must find himself obliged from day to day—almost, thanks to the telegraph, from hour to hour—to form decisions and to issue instructions, often of a very detailed character and almost always on materials insufficient for a weighty judgment. The political events of the last few weeks in England have evidently not been without their effect on the turbulent and fanatical mountaineers whose acquiescence is a first condition of any stable Government; and the prospect of any satisfactory settlement seems as remote as ever. On the other hand, the difficulty of maintaining so large a force in distant and inaccessible localities, amid a hostile population, is becoming every day more serious, and tends to render the early retirement of the English armies a consideration of paramount importance. The conjuncture is full of anxiety, and would make a large call on the calmness, fortitude, and resource of a statesman better qualified by special knowledge and experience than the new SECRETARY OF STATE to deal with it.

But it is not on the North-West frontier alone that Lord HARTINGTON and the new VICEROY will find topics of difficulty. In the East, the tipsy maniac on the Burmese throne may at any moment—tired of the murderous orgy with which he began his reign—force us by some intolerable outrage or insult into a war which, to say the least of it, would be in the highest degree inconvenient. On the North the CASHMIR MAHARAJAH is believed to have been misbehaving; and in any case the deplorable misgovernment of his little kingdom is certain, sooner or later, to result in a political catastrophe of which the British Government will not be able to remain a passive spectator. No more dreadful stories of oppression, corruption, and crime are to be found in the annals of mal-administration than those which every traveller for the last

two years has brought back from the secluded valleys where in an ill-advised moment the British Government, thirty-five years ago, set up an absolute despotism of bigoted Hindus over a Mahomedan population. The famine which for several seasons has afflicted the province, and in some places almost exterminated the inhabitants, has thrown a dreadful light on the dark places of tyranny; and the British Resident has had to chronicle a series of infamous transactions against which in less troubled times the conscience of the Indian Government and the English nation would have revolted in more than a mere verbal protest. On the frontiers of Bengal the mountain tribes have broken the slender thread of allegiance which binds them to our rule, and in the Madras Presidency a band of outlaws have been sufficiently supported by popular sympathy to be able for many months to defy all attempts at coercion. There appears to be no doubt that the outbreak was occasioned by the oppressions of a local magnate insufficiently controlled by superior authority; and this circumstance, together with the prolonged inability of the authorities to restore order, is corroborative of an impression, long current in official circles, that the machinery of the Madras administration is somewhat antiquated and out of gear. Lord RUPON, if he completes the term of his viceroyalty, will probably be called on to consider the question, suggested by Lord NORTHBROOK last summer, whether the quasi-independence of this province and of Bombay is not a source of weakness, delay, and expense, uncompensated by any real advantage. At present the two Governorships are distinguished from the other provincial authorities by higher pay, more costly establishments, and a traditional rôle of insubordination whenever local prejudices conflict with Imperial interests and the requirements of the Supreme Government. There is no real autonomy, for the same policy is necessarily observed from one end of the Empire to another; and all recent reforms—financial or material—tend to increase the interdependence of the several provinces. But there is sufficient freedom from control to enable a refractory or self-willed official to offer successful opposition to a proposed reform, or to evade orders with which it is inconvenient to comply. Lord NORTHBROOK had probably learnt by experience how serious an impediment to efficient government such a state of things may be; if Lord RUPON sees his way to effect an appreciable economy in State outlay, and at the same time to improve the administrative machine at its weakest point, he will have made a valuable contribution to the cause of Indian reform.

Another matter of first-rate importance, of which the disposal can scarcely be delayed, is the reorganization of the Indian armies, and the suppression of the Provincial Commanders-in-Chief. The reforms proposed in this direction would, it is announced, admit of economies to the extent of 1½ million sterling, a most welcome relief to the Indian Exchequer, at present burdened with an annual normal outlay for military purposes of over 15 millions. The present Commander-in-Chief in India, and, it is believed, a still higher authority in England, are opposed to the change, but military experts of the more enlightened school have long recommended it. Special considerations apart, it would certainly appear that the maintenance of distinct Commanders-in-Chief for the several branches of what is essentially a single army is one of those anomalous arrangements which tradition may endear and Conservatism defend with plausible apologies, but which cannot fail, like any other form of unskilful organization, to result in waste, disorder, and inefficiency.

Two leading representative bodies in India have taken advantage of the present change of rule to call attention to reforms which they consider especially desirable. One of these, supposed to represent the interests and views of the Bengal landholders, shows its grasp of the situation by recommending, amongst other changes, the extension of the Permanent Settlement to the rest of India. Lord RUPON is more likely to be occupied with measures for remedying the disastrous effects of Lord CORNWALLIS'S ill-considered concession, and for compelling the landlords of Bengal to fulfil some fraction of the duties the performance of which was the main consideration for the privileges which they now enjoy. At present the Government is in the unfortunate position of having given away an annual sum of fourteen or fifteen millions in the hope of improving the condition of the people, and of having achieved no one of the objects with which the boon

was granted. The Bengal landlords are as little inclined to agricultural improvements as any in India, and the tenants in many parts of the province are among the most rack-rented and poverty-stricken classes in the country. The Bengal Government has been for years occupied with legislative attempts to better the ryot's position, but has hardly got beyond the stage of demonstrating that the Permanent Settlement has injured the status of the agriculturists hardly less seriously than the interests of the Exchequer. The subject has never been dealt with in a searching and statesmanlike manner since Lord CORNWALLIS left it a century ago, and Lord RUPON will now find it among the most pressing claims on his attention.

The other complaints of these self-constituted spokesmen of Indian grievances are equally unsubstantial, and possess little interest except in showing the topics which popular agitators select as best adapted for an appeal to English sentiment. Nobody out of Bedlam ever doubted that the uncontrolled importation of firearms in considerable quantities had become a danger which it would have been criminal folly to neglect. The supervision of a few fifth-rate native newspapers, representing neither talent, property, nor even genuine native sentiment, was urged on the Government by the concurrent opinion of all the most experienced officials, who considered that the preservation of public order was being, or might easily become, endangered by a class of irresponsible and anonymous incendiaries. The admission of natives to the Civil Service was provided for last summer in a measure the working of which has yet to be observed. Another and more serious demand is for representative Councils, armed with the power of the purse. The first objection to such a proposal would be that the attempts at representative government made under the existing régime have been almost defeated by the difficulty of inducing proper representatives to take part in legislation; in the next place, the power of the purse must rest, along with the ultimate financial responsibility, with the Executive Government, by whom the money necessary for carrying on the administration has to be found. Such proposals, however, are hardly intended for any purpose more serious than the relief of vague restlessness, or the gratification of demagogic vanity. They have the remotest possible connexion with the real wants and wishes of the people, and these seldom travel beyond favourable seasons, light taxes, and freedom from the all-pervading oppression which is the universal characteristic of native rule. Careful inquiries have established the result that Indian taxation has at no period been lighter than at present, or the people better qualified to sustain it. The abnormally bad seasons of 1876-8 may not improbably be followed by a series of prosperous years; and, if this prove to be the case, the trade of India, whose growth was momentarily checked, will no doubt continue to develop at a rate which must speedily place her among the great commercial Powers of the world. The railways have already given a foretaste of what may be expected when the whole of that enormous continent is placed in communication with the coast. In the meantime, the administrators of the country are little likely to desert the safe path of practical improvement in the pursuit of the day-dreams of untutored brains and feverish imaginations.

THE LOWER RHÔNE.

THE present Government of France may have its shortcomings, and may be failing to deal with some of the larger political questions forced on it in a manner which to English critics would seem theoretically best; but some of its greatest merits are displayed in the obscurer regions of administration, and it is only when we add up the instances of its beneficial activity that we can realize how good is the work it is doing for France. M. DE FREYCINET has very large views of what may be done to promote the material prosperity of the country. He demands and obtains vast sums of money, which he devotes to works of public utility, and the peculiar object on which he has set his heart is the development of small local interests. His day may be described as a day of small things; but these small things combined make a great whole. He makes little canals, he builds cross-country railways, he gives decaying ports a chance of regaining importance or retaining a comfortable existence. It is only natural that his activity should

stimulate the activity of speculative engineers or village philanthropists. It seems to ardent students of his spirit of enterprise that now is the time when anything may be proposed that is likely to give new life to a forlorn little town, or make any trembling industry thrive. As an example of what Frenchmen are now thinking of in their sober hours, when they do not weary themselves with endless discussions of the 7th Clause, or with speculations on the mysterious intentions of M. GAMBETTA, some recent papers by M. LENTHÉRIC are not without interest or value. It is the dismal region of the Lower Rhône that occupies his attention, and it is to this mournful corner of France that he thinks the vigorous beneficence of M. DE FREYCINET may now be profitably directed. His special hobby is the town and port of Aigues Mortes. It is Aigues Mortes that he wishes to see endowed with new life and prosperity; and if it is a glorious thing to resuscitate dead little towns, nothing could be more glorious in its way than to resuscitate Aigues Mortes, for, of all dead little towns, it is perhaps the deadest. Guide-books inform us that this little city is an archaeological curiosity, as well as interesting from its geographical position, as it is situated about three feet above the level of the Mediterranean, in the midst of salt marshes and lagoons, the exhalations from which render it unhealthy. M. LENTHÉRIC does not trouble himself much about its archaeological pretensions; but it is its geographical position—which to the superficial observer seems singularly unhappy—that recommends it to his affectionate notice. He has convinced himself that Aigues Mortes is one of the most happily placed towns in France; and in his dreams of its future he soars to so high a point as to see in Aigues Mortes the only real and permanent rival of England in the coal trade of the Mediterranean. It certainly is true that, if it is any consolation to a disused port that it once was used, this consolation is not denied to Aigues Mortes. It does not appear to have been much used since the days of St. Louis, which is rather a long time ago; but it was then so much thought of that St. Louis embarked there on his first expedition to Palestine with a fleet of eight hundred galleys, and an army of forty thousand men. Gradually its trade has dwindled away until, as M. LENTHÉRIC confesses, the latest returns show that the commerce of Aigues Mortes has altogether passed from the sublime to the ridiculous. In 1878 the port was only visited by fifty-one vessels, which brought in a few oranges from the Balearic Islands, and took away twenty-four tons of coal. It is the great stride between this humble export and the possibility of a successful competition with Newcastle and Sunderland that imparts a romantic interest to M. LENTHÉRIC's speculations. If these speculations were the mere idle dreams of a fanciful and ignorant theorist, they would have no interest at all; but M. LENTHÉRIC approaches his subject with exhaustive learning, with minute topographical knowledge, and with extreme technical plausibility. He almost makes us believe that even Aigues Mortes is not so dead but that it may live again. Whether he is really right no one at a distance can pretend to say. Whether, if he is right, he can persuade M. DE FREYCINET to share his enthusiasm and carry out his projects, must remain doubtful; but at any rate he has had the merit of unfolding a project which may be taken as a typical instance of the ardent activity which now animates provincial France.

There are two ways in which M. LENTHÉRIC thinks greatness may be given to Aigues Mortes. It may be made the key of a great channel of communication between the Rhône and the sea, and it may be made the outlet for the rapidly increasing products of the coal-fields which lie not far from it in the department of the Gard. M. LENTHÉRIC spends much labour in explaining, not only how useless the Rhône becomes as a means of navigation when it nears the sea, but also why this must be so on account of the unfortunate configuration of the soil. It is useless to follow him into details, as every one who has passed, however rapidly, through the region of the Lower Rhône knows that, among the freaks of wasteful nature, none is more conspicuous than the disappointing end of a river which for so large a portion of its course serves as a great artery of trade. As the Rhône cannot get to the sea in any useful fashion, man has to take it there. There is already a canal, called the Canal of Beaucaire, leading from a point of the Rhône near Tarascon to Aigues Mortes; and from Aigues Mortes there is a mari-

time canal to the Mediterranean. What M. LENTHÉRIC wants may be said in a few words to be that this waterway should be so improved that vessels trading on the Rhône shall be able to come to Aigues Mortes and there discharge their cargoes into sea-going ships. The history of the existing canal is not only curious in itself, but necessarily determines the character of M. LENTHÉRIC's project. From time immemorial salt-works, known as the Salines de Peccais, have been in operation in the immediate neighbourhood of Aigues Mortes, and these salt-works, which even now yield a revenue to the State of nearly half a million sterling, were at one time among the most considerable sources of the royal income. Great, however, as were the sums that were drawn from the salt-works, one king after another found that he was receiving much less than he ought to have received. The contraband dealers in salt were too much for the officials, the guards, and even the troops of the sovereign. They hid where no one could find them in the marshes and lagoons that spread on every side, and it was thought that the only effectual means of beating the smugglers would be to construct a canal along which all the salt produced must pass. The canal was intended not to benefit Aigues Mortes, but to protect the royal revenue; and, although schemes for improving the land adjacent to the canal were always associated with the main project of the canal itself, the primary object of getting the royal salt to the Rhône impressed its peculiar character on the enterprise. The kings, however, never thought of making the canal themselves. What they wanted was to persuade others to make it for them, the privilege of exacting very high tolls being held out as a temptation to speculators. Under this system the canal took more than a hundred years to construct. The first person who engaged in the enterprise was the Marquis DE NOAILLES, who in 1702 received a concession authorizing him to construct a canal and drain the country between Beaucaire and Aigues Mortes. Unexpected difficulties, however, prevented even a beginning being made. The district was agitated by the religious wars of the Cévennes, the local proprietors set up claims equally innumerable and embarrassing, and sufficient engineering ability could not be commanded for the practical execution of the task. The concession passed by inheritance or substitution from one set of persons to another, none of whom could make anything of it, and in 1746 it was handed over to the States of Languedoc. The local authorities took thirty years to study how they might best begin the work, and in 1778 they did make a beginning, and the enterprise was prosecuted with some activity till the revolution put a stop to it. In 1801 the concession given in 1702 was renewed in favour of a Company which is still in existence, and is the present owner of the canal. Its existence, according to its original grant, would have expired next year, but the term was prolonged for a further period of fifty-eight years by LOUIS NAPOLEON when President. The canal was completed in 1811, so that for nearly seventy years it has been in use; but at present it is not the kind of canal which can contribute to the resurrection of Aigues Mortes. It is only suited for little salt-boats, and the Company is entitled to charge tolls so high as to make a higher style of navigation impossible. What M. LENTHÉRIC proposes is that the State should buy up the Company's rights of tollage, and should then widen and deepen the canal so as to admit the passage of the ordinary boats that trade on the Rhône.

This junction of the Rhône and the Mediterranean by means of a canal, on which only such duties would be charged as might be necessary to keep the canal in repair, would, as M. LENTHÉRIC observes, not only revive Aigues Mortes, but, by establishing a salutary competition, reduce the cost of railway transport. But the canal is, after all, in the visions of M. LENTHÉRIC, a means of doing good altogether secondary to that of making Aigues Mortes the outlet for the coal of the Gard. France, as a whole, produces much less coal than she consumes; but in the case of the Gard the output largely exceeds the local demand, and the only obstacle to the increase of the output appears to consist in the difficulty of getting away what is produced. As it is, the output, which in 1850 was under three hundred thousand tons, rose in 1860 to a million, and may be now taken at two million tons. It is easy for M. LENTHÉRIC, or any one else with a map in his hands, to see that Aigues Mortes, if it was a port at all, would be

much the nearest port to the coal-field, and ought to compete successfully with the rival ports of Cette and Marseilles. It is also obvious that all that M. LENTHÉRIC urges as to the utility to France of having an export trade in coal is perfectly true. English coaling-vessels, having an outward freight assured, can carry homeward freight at lower rates than will remunerate French owners whose vessels go out empty. For all points of the Mediterranean, French vessels starting from Aigues Mortes would have the advantage of proximity; and M. LENTHÉRIC in his dreams sees a vision of French ships carrying coal to Alexandria, Beyrout, Constantinople, and Odessa, and bringing back Egyptian cotton, Syrian wool, Turkish oil, and Crimean wheat. It may be asked how it happens that even now these great things cannot be done. Cette and Marseilles are not quite so near as Aigues Mortes to the coal-field, but they would seem near enough to give the exporter a fair chance of outstripping the rivalry of English ports. The answer of M. LENTHÉRIC is that neither at Cette nor Marseilles is there any room for a properly conducted coal business. The limited space which those ports command is already needed for other operations, and there is no room for the various and complicated contrivances by which modern ingenuity puts coals on board at a minimum of risk and cost. In this respect Aigues Mortes offers the enormous advantage of being virgin soil. In a city of the dead there are no living interests to injure; and, as M. LENTHÉRIC triumphantly observes, at Aigues Mortes you may cut and carve as you like and you cannot possibly injure any one. But then can Aigues Mortes be made a port? M. LENTHÉRIC replies that, although in one sense it is not a port now, yet in another sense it is not only a port, but a very good one. There is no proper communication between Aigues Mortes and the sea; but the sea part of the port of Aigues Mortes is, according to M. LENTHÉRIC, everything that he or a coal-owner could wish. It is safe, it is sheltered, it is accessible. What stands between Aigues Mortes and its great destinies is simply the trumpery character of the maritime canal. If this canal was but made such as Aigues Mortes has a right to expect, the freighter could at any moment send his coal to Beyrout or Odessa with the utmost expedition, and bring back his oil and wool with comfort and safety. If M. LENTHÉRIC is thought mad by steadygoing people, it must at least be owned that there is much method in his madness. We do not suppose that any Newcastle coal-owner or freighter will be much perturbed by the projects of M. LENTHÉRIC; but if for any reason he wishes to know what is really going on in France, he may find it not unprofitable to take note of a fresh indication that French energy is beginning to assert itself in a degree hitherto unknown.

THE NEW EDUCATION REPORT.

THE Report of the Committee of Council on Education for the year 1879 is a more than usually interesting paper. It discloses a policy, and those interested in these matters will be curious to know how far this policy will be persevered in by the new Committee. Will Lord SPENCER and Mr. MUNDELLA adopt or rescind the changes already made, and the further changes indicated by the Duke of RICHMOND and GORDON and by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON? In our judgment, they will do well to adopt them. It is not necessary in saying this to give any opinion on the extent or nature of the aid that it is expedient to give to public education, whether out of the taxes or out of the rates. That is a very proper subject for discussion both in and out of Parliament. All that need be maintained at present is that, whatever be the amount of aid given, it should be given *eo nomine*, with full knowledge of the purpose for which it is given, and in the form which is best calculated to answer that purpose. It can hardly be contended that any one of these conditions is at present fulfilled.

When the Act of 1870 was passed it is safe to say that no one supposed that the system it founded was anything else than a system of elementary education—a system which, in the words of the new Report, “was meant to be settled solely with a view to the wants of the labouring and other poorer classes of the community;” and consequently to be regulated by the age up to which the children of these classes can remain at school. The age

at which the compulsory machinery created by the Act ceases to be applicable is thirteen, and, though nothing is said in it about the age at which it is contemplated that elementary education should come to an end, it is only reasonable to suppose that it was meant to be the age after which a parent can no longer be required by law to keep his child at school. In so far, therefore, as children remain at school after that age, and in so far as provision is made for giving them instruction which can only profitably be given them after that age, the intentions of the framers of the Act have presumably been exceeded. They may, no doubt, have been improved upon; that is a point on which we express no opinion. It is competent to Parliament to create a system under which secondary, or even the higher, education, should be brought within the reach of all classes. All that is now maintained is, that Parliament did not mean to create, or make any approach towards creating, such a system in 1870 or in 1876, which are the years in which the laws which regulate national education were passed; and that it is not expedient to introduce such a system piecemeal and by a succession of side winds. It will hardly be denied that the motives which would induce Parliament to give secondary education, if not free of cost, at least at a cost very much below the actual outlay incurred, would be altogether different from the motives which have induced it to give elementary education on those terms. The theory which lay at the root of the Act of 1870 was twofold—first, that the community is exposed to actual danger by the gross ignorance of its poorer members; and next, that, as a child suffers throughout life by being left in gross ignorance, it is as much the business of the State to see that he gets necessary education as to see that he gets necessary food. Neither of these positions can be appealed to in support of a proposal for bringing secondary education within everybody's reach. The community is not endangered by the fact that many of its members are acquainted with only one language, and have but an imperfect grammatical knowledge even of that; nor are the prospects of a child in life necessarily and visibly benefited by his being given an education which he will have no opportunities of applying or keeping up when he has left school. State aid to secondary education may be in the highest degree expedient; but it must be for quite other reasons than those which make it expedient to give State aid to elementary education. This being so, it is plainly desirable that Parliament should not be led on into aiding the one, in the belief that it is aiding the other. Even if it could be shown that the gain to the community from a system of State-aided secondary education would be so great that it is desirable to introduce it by any means that offer themselves, this would not be an argument in favour of mixing it up with elementary education. The two kinds of education are so different that they cannot profitably be given by the same teachers or in the same schools. For practical purposes they may be taken to be mutually hostile. The teacher who is competent to give secondary instruction, and has scholars to whom to give it, will almost inevitably come to despise the less interesting part of his work. The task of training the young idea is at all events more delightful in its later stages than in its earlier. In a quotation from the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission, given in the Report of the Education Department, it is truly said that, “If a boy is to leave school at fourteen, it is not the best thing for him to have a fraction of the education which would suit boys who could stay at school till eighteen.” If, therefore, boys of all ages up to eighteen are allowed to remain at an elementary school, some of them must be receiving an education which is not the best thing for them to have.

These considerations cover more ground than is included in the scope of the new Education Report. It is by reference to them, however, that the meaning of the alteration in the Code with regard to the age at which children cease to be chargeable to the Parliamentary grant will be best seen. The department is, or was, of opinion that, though it is expedient to give those children who can afford to remain at school till thirteen the best education that can be given within that limit, it is not the business of the department to do more than this. “By the age of thirteen, if properly taught, children can pass through the six standards of the Code, and the three stages of one or more of the specific subjects of the fourth schedule.” When this is

done the function of the State in regard to them, as at present understood, comes to an end. If they wish to carry their education further, they must go to some secondary school. It appears, however, that "the presence in Board schools of children of a superior class, who are able to remain longer at school than was contemplated by the Act of 1870, has led some School Boards to entertain educational proposals of a more ambitious character than is recognized by the Code, which in some cases have led to a practical conflict between the scheme of a School Board and one settled for a secondary school in the same town by the Endowed School Commissioners." Until now this state of things has been rendered possible by eighteen being inserted in the Code as the age beyond which children shall be no longer chargeable to the Parliamentary grant. The Education Department believe that this limit was chosen to meet cases in which the elementary education of children had been entirely neglected owing to the want of proper schools. Now that the Education Act has been in force for nearly ten years this plea can no longer be urged, and the Department have, therefore, fixed fourteen as the limit after which children will cease to be chargeable to the Parliamentary grant. The change is one that needs no defence. If the Legislature wishes to pay for the education of children up to the age of eighteen, it has a perfect right to do so; but it ought not to be led on into paying for it until it has been given an opportunity for fully reviewing the whole question, and the important principle involved in it.

There is another point touched upon in this Report which, though it is less directly connected with the administration of the Education Department, is a matter of some moment to the ratepayers of London. Every child in average attendance in a London Board school costs the ratepayers 31s. a year. Every child in average attendance in a Sheffield Board school costs the ratepayers 8s. 8d. a year. Every child in average attendance in a Hull Board school costs the ratepayers 4s. 4d. a year. There may be very good reasons for this enormous discrepancy; but, if so, these reasons ought to be stated and investigated. The rate which in London educates one child will educate nearly four children in Sheffield and nearly eight children in Hull. If the education given in these two latter towns is inferior to that given in London, it would be interesting to know whether the Hull and Sheffield educations are not good enough, or the London education is too good. If an education in London costs nearly eight times as much as the same education in Hull, and nearly four times as much as the same education in Sheffield, it would be interesting to know whether the difference is due to avoidable or unavoidable causes.

THE PROPHECY OF ST. MALACHY.

UNDER the title of *Corona Catholica*, and in a gorgeous binding of scarlet and gold, Mr. Charles Kent has "offered at the feet of the Successor of Peter" an epigram in fifty languages, ancient and modern, and from as many different hands, on his accession to the pontifical throne, which he considers a suitable method of testifying reverence for the eminent virtues and learning of the "Ruler of the world." The original English stanza, which we subjoin for the benefit of our readers, is neat, if not particularly striking. The Latin version is so involved as to be rather difficult to construe; the Greek, by Professor Paley, as might be expected, is pure and classical. On the greater number of translations we cannot undertake to pronounce any critical judgment, but such names as those of Professor Sayce, Max Müller, and Renouf may be accepted as vouchers for the correctness of the Assyrian, Sanskrit, and Egyptian. The English original runs as follows:—

Through the Cross on Cross of Pius,
As through Mary's Dolours Seven,
Lo! from Death what Life emerges,
Joy from anguish, Light from Heaven.

It will at once be observed by connoisseurs that the two mottoes of the late and present Pope respectively in St. Malachy's Prophecy—*Crux de Cruce* and *Lumen de Cælo*—are worked into this epigram, and indeed the actual words occur in the Latin form. And we should gather from Mr. Kent's preface, which is headed "S. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh," that his main object is to rehabilitate that curious document, which he evidently believes to be genuine. We are reminded how St. Malachy flourished in the first half of the twelfth century, and was an intimate friend of the great St. Bernard, who wrote a Life of him—which is hardly perhaps considered generally "to be one of his most finished masterpieces." But St. Bernard, while crediting his friend with miraculous and prophetic

gifts, says nothing at all of this "most renowned of all the visions and prophecies attributed to him," which was in fact never heard of, as Mr. Kent candidly admits, till four centuries and a half after his death. It is true no doubt, though it scarcely seems a sufficient explanation of this long silence, that the art of printing was not invented till the latter half of the fifteenth century; but a good century more had to elapse before the first publication of the Prophecy of St. Malachy by a learned French Benedictine, Arnold Wion, in 1595. Under these circumstances Mr. Kent prudently declines to "insist upon its authenticity," but he thinks it bears a certain analogy to "that mysterious Fourth Eclogue of Virgil," in which the Advent of our Lord and His birth of a Virgin were predicted forty years before the event, and to the Sibylline acrostics. So do we, but on that point we shall have a word to say presently. Several fresh editions appeared during the seventeenth century, and in 1675 one in two splendid quartos was dedicated by permission to the reigning Pope, Clement X., and "formally authenticated by the notable words, *con licenza dei superiori*." To Mr. Kent's mind this dedication seems to be conclusive, though he does not exactly say so. A certain Jesuit Father Menestrier did indeed in 1689 venture to express the first doubt as to the authenticity of the document, and in 1859 the Rev. John O'Hanlon published a *Life of Saint Malachy*, in which he reiterated that doubt. But their scepticism is rendered innocuous, if not excusable, by the consideration that Father Menestrier either ignored or—let us charitably hope—was ignorant of the fact that Pope Clement X. had scarcely two decades before deigned to accept, as Pontiff, the dedication of those "two splendid quartos, in which the authenticity of the predictions was formally maintained," while Father O'Hanlon frankly acknowledges his regret at having been unable to obtain a sight of "that most remarkable publication." It seems clear however that the condescending approval of Clement X. did not go for much with Father O'Hanlon, whatever he might have thought of the arguments. Finally Mr. Kent urges that these Prophecies "present from first to last a series of astounding coincidences," of which he thinks, however, it will suffice to mention four. Three of these four, we may observe, are invariably selected whenever it is desired to illustrate the striking coincidences in St. Malachy's Prophecy, from which it is only natural to infer that they are somewhat exceptional, even if the exceptions cannot be said to prove an opposite rule. These four are the mottoes of Pius VI., *Peregrinus Apostolicus*; of Pius VII., *Aquila Rapax*; of Pius IX., *Crux de Cruce*; and of Leo XIII., *Lumen de Cælo*. We may add that the fourth Pope after his present Holiness is to be *Papa Angelicus*, and this is a personage who had figured in earlier vaticinations, being first mentioned by Roger Bacon.

The fact is that St. Malachy's Prophecy, whatever may be the exact date of its composition—and there is no shred of evidence for its existence before the time of its first publication in 1595—belongs to a vast family of visions and predictions running through the whole course of Church history. Some ten years ago Dr. Dollinger published a little work on the subject, which was noticed at the time in our columns, giving copious examples from the beginning of the Christian era to the period of the Reformation. And we took occasion in a subsequent article (April 20, 1872) to call attention to various later illustrations, coming down to our own day, of this ineradicable human instinct for prying curiously into the future. It is not of course at all confined to the Christian era; thus a special gift of prophecy was attributed to virgins, both among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and in India, as Clement of Alexandria testifies. In referring to the Sibylline oracles Mr. Kent recalls the earliest, most long-lived, and most famous of all these Christian prophecies, but with more than questionable discretion for his own purpose of helping to authenticate St. Malachy. It is very possible that the first of the fourteen Sibylline Books formerly in circulation, eight of which we now possess, may have suggested the strangely Messianic colouring of the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil. But what is the origin of the Sibylline books, so far as it has been as yet clearly ascertained? The earliest of them was probably composed by an Alexandrian Jew at the beginning of the second century B.C.; it closes with predictions of the future coming of the Messiah, borrowed from Old Testament prophecies, and may have become known to Virgil. The second and third books also betray their Jewish authorship, but must have been composed after the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, somewhere about the end of the first century of our era. The next five books are evidently of Christian composition, and are assigned by most critics to the third century. That fragments of the old Pagan oracles are embedded in them is more than probable, but they can only be regarded on the whole as deliberate impostures. The acrostic on the titles of our Lord, to which Mr. Kent refers, as well as another on the Cross, quoted by St. Augustine, occur in the eighth book. The acrostic form seems to have been adopted because it was a known characteristic of the original Sibylline verses. For some sixteen centuries these pretended oracles were accepted as genuine throughout Christendom without a shadow of a misgiving. They were habitually cited from the first in controversy with Pagans by the most eminent Christian Apologists and Fathers, such as Tatian, Athenagoras, Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, Lactantius, and the great Augustine himself. Justin Martyr ascribed the Pagan prohibition to read them, under pain of death, to the express instigation of the devil. Clement of Alexandria has preserved the tradition that St. Paul advised Christians to study them. The

Emperor Constantine quoted them in a solemn oration before the Council of Nice, and both he and Lactantius reproach the Pagans—not unjustly perhaps—with dishonesty in seeking to discredit testimonies so cogent against themselves. The adoption of the fish as a sacred symbol was derived from the acrostic already mentioned, and the opening stanza of one of the grandest of the old Latin hymns almost ranks the Sibylline oracles with the inspired prophecies of the Psalter in the famous line *Teste David cum Sibylla*, still retained in the Roman missal, though altered in some later versions into *Crucis expandens vexilla*. The first eight books were collected and published at Basle by Vossius in 1545, and Castelleo about the same time pointed out that they contained many passages which must be spurious. In the next century a Jesuit, Possevin, observed that there were many passages purporting to be written before the time of Moses, which must therefore have been interpolated, as the Sibyls were known to have flourished at a later date; but he attributed these interpolations to the malice of Satan, who desired thereby to discredit the rest of the work. At last in 1649 a French Protestant preacher, Blondel by name, ventured, for the first time among Christians, to denounce the entire compilation as a tissue of clumsy and deliberate forgeries. And later criticism has established the substantial correctness of his view. It does not of course at all follow, nor is there any reason for supposing, that the early Christian fathers and controversialists did not appeal to them in good faith. It was an uncritical age, and the Sibylline forgeries formed part of a whole literature of the same ambiguous kind, portions of which still remain to us in the apocryphal adjuncts to both Old and New Testament—e.g. the *Preaching of Noah*, the *Book of Enoch*, the *Epistle of Barnabas*, the Apocryphal Gospels, the *Clementine Recognitions*, and the like, all equally spurious, though not always of fraudulent origin.

Nor has the fount of prophecy, as was observed before, by any means run dry in the middle ages or even down to our own day, and these popular predictions often deal with secular as well as religious and ecclesiastical matters. There is, for instance, a whole series of them connected with English history, ascribed to the mythical Merlin, which Galfridus has put on record; and hence old English chroniclers often use such phrases as "*ut implectur Merlini prophetia*," or "*tunc impletum est illud Merlini*." It is not to be wondered at that some of these predictions—like those of St. Bridget and St. Hildegard, which pointed to the Reformation—should have been remarkably fulfilled. St. Bridget even predicted, as modern Italians are not slow to remember, that the Papal sovereignty would be confined to the Leonine city. We have no doubt that there are many in the present day besides Mr. Kent, and not exclusively Roman Catholics—who attach a more or less definite credence to this Prophecy of St. Malachy, and whose belief would not be disturbed were it conclusively proved to have originated with those who first published it to the world, at the close of the sixteenth century. They would argue, plausibly enough, that if the Papal mottoes of the first four centuries and a half were mere ingenious historical applications—many of them indeed, as Mr. Hemans has pointed out, hardly rising above the dignity of puns in their obvious derivation from the family names, names of birthplaces, or heraldic devices of pontiffs—it does not follow that the rest have no predictive value. And they would point triumphantly to such startling congruities as those to which Mr. Kent refers in the description of some recent popes. But the circumstance that for modern readers this prophetic catalogue carries with it, by necessary implication, an announcement of the approaching end of the world would alone give it a peculiar, if somewhat unpleasant interest to many minds; and believers in Dr. Cumming at all events cannot blame them. Leo XIII. is to have only nine successors, whose character or destiny is thus mysteriously adumbrated:—*Ignis ardens, Religio depopulata, Fides intrepida, Pastor Angelicus, Pastor et Nauta, Flos florum, De medietate lune, De labore solis, Gloria olivæ*. Then comes the end. "In the last persecution of the holy Roman Church the chair shall be filled by Peter, a Roman (or the Roman Peter), who shall feed the flock amidst many tribulations, which being accomplished, the Seven-hilled City shall be destroyed, and the tremendous Judge shall judge the people." As the average reign of a Pope lasts seven years only, this method of reckoning would fix the final persecution of the Church and the consummation of all things somewhere about the middle of the next century. And that, we suspect, is the true explanation of this sudden revival, after two centuries of oblivion, of a critical and devotional interest in the so-called Prophecy of St. Malachy, which is no doubt strengthened by the curious felicity of the designations severally assigned to the late and present Pope.

"JOCKING WI' DEEFICULTY."

A STORY is told of a Scotch newspaper editor which is almost pathetic in its wide application to professional Merry-men. This editor was also the proprietor of a very well known Scotch journal, and he was thus doubly interested in the success of his venture. But he knew that there was one defect in the print, a fatal defect in a Scottish newspaper. The *Bawbee* was too solemn, too earnest, not sufficiently skittish to suit a gay, unthinking people. The worthy editor looked round him, and at last discovered what he wanted in the person of a funny sub-editor. He then boasted himself in the society of his friends, saying, "I have

found in my new sub-editor a young man just overflowing in natural wit and humour. Jocks just pour freely from his lips. Now this is a grand thing for the paper, because, for my part, I confess that I *jock wi' deeficulty*."

Can there be a nobler and sadder picture than that of this good man struggling with an impossible duty? A conscientious, elderly Scotchman, determined to do his level best, sits down to be witty, and finds that he "jokes with difficulty." "He did but give us of his best," and he knew that his best was execrable. Yet his fate was no uncommon one. There are hundreds of men in this great, careless city who go to bed every night with the consciousness that they must "jock" to-morrow, and with the certainty that the process will be laborious, the results depressing. Wit should be spontaneous, the creature of the moment, of the occasion, the beaded bubble winking at the brim of friendly intercourse. "Let your chaff, my dear boys, be like the lambent summer lightning, which glitters and harms not." So said an excellent Headmaster long ago, in a sermon delivered to the boys of Rugby, or Radley, who were under his care. The advice was capital, whether the Rugby (or Radley) boys were able to act on it or not; but how can the professional cutter of jokes expect to attain the Headmaster's ideal? Perhaps he is an artist, or a writer on the staff of a periodical that, every weekly round in this battle of life, is bound to "come up smiling." How is the artist to find about two hundred new topics for funny sketches in the course of the year? How few people think of this when they throw down their *Punch* with a sigh and a feeling of abiding melancholy and supreme despair! There was a drawing last week of a fat woman of fashion which suggested thoughts too deep for tears. How hard must "jocking" come to the designer of that gruesome caricature, how rare must humour be, when the legend of that drawing passes for humour! And yet it is in sorrow, not in anger, that the sensible heart contemplates such failures. People who themselves scribble ought never to have a hard word for the "forlorn and shipwrecked brother," for the professional who has set himself to jest, and who has found the difficulty insurmountable. When the spangled acrobat in the ring "misses his tip," and rolls bruised in the sawdust, the harsh public cries "yah!" but the old performers looking on pity rather than condemn. When snoring "drowns the parson's saw," when critics as they stroll home blame the good man's dulness, there are a few who remember that to expect pathos, humour, eloquence twice a week from every curate is to expect more than human nature can supply. Let us pity the comic designer, let us pity even the clerical buffoon, when his eccentricities fail to tickle his jaded patrons in the stalls, or pews, or whatever they are called.

Like the noble patron of Mr. Wenham and Mr. Wagg, the public is inclined to say that "it has heard that joke about the London Tavern before." Indeed the poor weary jester is very apt to trust to his memory and to the want of that faculty in his audience. There is a humorous paper which is constantly repeating the jokes of yesteryear, jokes much more easily discovered in its back numbers than *les neiges d'antan*. There is another phenomenon which proves that the path of wit, like that of virtue, is steep and hard, and that epigrams are uncommonly scarce in the modern market. The same poor jest will appear on three successive days in the week in three different journals. We have this week observed—and the experience is not rare—the faint dawning of a jape in a halfpenny evening sheet; let us call it (sham names are the readiest resource of him who jokes with difficulty) the *Hesperus*. It would be brutal to say that the readers of the *Hesperus* do not move in "the highest circles." Not many months ago a butcher was furiously assaulted by a lady for declaring that he "only dealt with the aristocracy," and implying that therefore he did not deal with her. No doubt the halfpenny public is "aristocratic" enough for its needs, and would be enraged by any one who doubted its quality. But perhaps that public is not very likely to purchase the more expensive "society" papers, and there to find (as it would find this week) the same cheap old joke retailed at a much higher price, in one of the usual columns of ungrammatical gossip. Probably there is plenty of life yet in the witticism (it was a hit at Lord Beaconsfield), and we may expect to see it adorning the columns of many another contemporary.

The "moral tone" of the perplexed jester is apt to be "lowered some," as the American says in a story so old that we daily expect to see it revived as a new piece of gossip, with new names, characters, and costumes. Even in Charles Lamb's time, when jokes were paid for at the cheap rate of sixpence each, the purveyors of humour were apt to grow indolent, and to supply very indifferent wares. Even the least educated jackal of the press remembers the unscrupulous efforts to make sixpence out of the name of Mr. Deputy Humphreys. Stupid and blundering personal attacks now take the place of remarks about Mr. Humphreys. He who "jokes with difficulty" often lies, slanders, and generally speaking discharges his sixpence worth of spite with some facility. Now this practice must be ruinous to the character of the purveyor of jests. Having no jests to dispose of, he shies a paragraph, as the man in Aristophanes's comedy hurls an unholy missile, at any one whom he happens to hate. It is a ready-money business, and the professional does not dislike it, but his moral character suffers. He who was once among his brother reporters and penny-a-liners the gayest pothouse wit, is now a snarling, scandalous paragraph-monger. The difficulty of jesting has been his bane.

Before a jester sinks to the level of the mere social tout, he has to go through a series of degrading dodges. A writer may start

in life with a fair supply of high intellectual spirits, but our modern literature has only one performer of this sort who keeps his high spirits perennially, and can neither speak nor write without dropping guileless good things. His high spirits are among the first qualities that the professional jester loses. He is obliged to economize his fun for the purposes of business. He is tempted, like an amiable politician, to keep a note-book, and jot down his own happy thoughts, which he once scattered with careless profusion, "as rich men give that care not for their gifts." He finds that he must keep his high spirits for his articles, as the post-boy reserved his canter for the avenue. The jester when his jesting cap and bells are not on becomes a moody man, and, so to speak, "ranges apart." He has been known—such is the depravity which his profession develops—to keep common-place books with hints for allusions and funny "tips." Then he falls into his anecdotal, and becomes careless about repeating his humorous illustrations. At first he tries to be indifferent honest, and not to tell the same story twice in the same newspaper. But presently he becomes careless even of this rule, and the readers of the journals in which he patiently and laboriously jokes know quite well when to expect the anecdote about the American who swore fearfully, or the legend of the Irishman who was "agin the Government," or the passage from Mr. Tennyson which admits of two constructions, and favours the designs of the punster. Mr. J. S. Mill, having little apparently to trouble him, once fell into a deep melancholy at the thought that the combinations of musical sounds might be exhausted. "The sooner the better," some people will say; but the professional jester has a more serious grievance. He finds out very soon that all his own comic illustrations might be exhausted, and where is he to glean new material? Unless he keeps a tame American and a domesticated Irishman on the premises, how is he to secure fresh anecdotes? He never read much, and, since he took to joking in the papers, he does not read at all. He is a worn-out, miserable, exhausted being, and, if he is not very careful, may sink to representing "Literature" at the banquet of a Lord Mayor who patronizes the press, or at the ghastly festivities of the Royal Society of Literature.

There are, of course, certain mechanical dodges by which joking is made quite easy to the performer, as easy as grinding a barrel-organ. For example, he hunts out a story of a ghastly murder, or of some hideous cruelties committed in Texas, or at Smyrna or Volo, and he tells the story with ironical mirth. He speaks of the murderer with affected sympathy, and gently deplores the result of ungoverned passion. To joke this kind of joke, supplies of not less than six dead bodies, and a larger proportion of broken hearts, are all that is necessary. Missionaries, again, are the natural game of the professional joker, and, when he is allowed, he can make a good deal out of any exhibition of unsophisticated religious feeling. He welcomes any account of a burglary, for joking about burglaries is almost always easy; and, in short, wherever a paradox can be introduced, the jester jests with ease. Any one can invert, in fancy, the ordinary opinions of men, and it can scarcely happen but that the result will be a little grotesque. Thus the character of the Merryman is likely to be sapped, and he really ought to be very miserable. But he ends like the Frenchman in M. Richepin's story. This Frenchman was a literary person who had committed two murders. He made a reputation by writing a brilliant novel founded on his misdeeds. Remorse overcame him, he confessed his crime, confessed that his fiction was history, and was shut up by an incredulous world in a mad-house. There he really went mad, and believed that he had not committed his crimes. Even so the professional joker has a stage of contrite misery when he recognizes the badness, the laboriousness of his jokes, and he ends in a callous condition in which he no longer knows that his jests are forced and feeble.

THE LITTLE TROUBLES OF THE MINISTRY.

THE man who, by means proper or improper, acquires somebody else's shoes and puts them on his own feet subjects himself thereby to some discomfort—a proposition sententious, but perhaps not the less true. Her Majesty's Ministers have apparently determined to step into their predecessors' shoes in an unusually full and exact sense, and it is therefore not surprising that certain little pinches and twinges should have occurred. Indeed, if rumour is to be credited, some of the pinchings have been of an extremely severe character—all humanity, at least all humanity that wears boots, agreeing that there are few tortures more torturing than that of the boots which are tight. On Monday evening evidences of misfit were not wanting at an early hour. In the higher political comedy of the less humane kind, few scenes have latterly been attempted of a more daring character than that of the Premier's reply to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. The question was indeed something of a question-begging one. But when there came from Mr. Gladstone's mouth the words "There is no doubt that much crime and *probably much cruelty* have occurred," memory must surely have carried not a few of the listeners back to the autumn of 1876. Blackheath is but within penny steam-boat range of Westminster, and the library of the House of Commons doubtless contains a copy of "Bulgarian Horrors." How suggestive of "the lisp of lute strings smitten soft," to quote the words of a gifted bard, is the phrase, "much crime and *probably much cruelty*," as compared with all the drum and trumpet work

of the former period. "We draw," said Mr. Gladstone, "no distinction between Mahometan and Christian"; yet he certainly seems to keep two languages for the two classes of sufferers. This, however, was but a prelude to the unpleasantness which the Ministry had to undergo in reference to the Bradlaugh matter. That exceedingly thorny question seems somehow to have lodged all its thorns in the persons of the Government and their supporters. They have the mortification to see themselves deserted on the first important division of the new Parliament by some of their supporters, to see a much larger number refuse to vote, and to feel that a considerable proportion, probably a majority, of those who did vote with them felt the obligation to do so as an almost intolerable strain. It was not pleasant to be placed, as Lord Randolph Churchill oratorically placed Mr. Gladstone, in the position of leading the Liberal party for the first time through the lobby for the purpose of seating on the benches of the House "an avowed atheist and a professedly disloyal person." It was awkward to have Dr. Lyons, one of the rare Liberals of Ireland, voting and speaking against the Government. It could scarcely have been comforting even to have the assistance of Mr. Thorold Rogers, and to be assured on that most excellent authority that all atheists were Tories, and that the favourite amusement of Tories was to receive the gold of France. The gold of France is wanted for other purposes just now, and indigent Tory members (by the way, Algernon Sidney was a Tory, was he not?) must look elsewhere for their income. The rule as to Tory atheists had hardly so much actuality as the exception as to the Radical atheist who is troubling the House. To be taken under the wing of Mr. Trevelyan, to have Mr. Courtney "admit" that he was almost persuaded to vote with the Opposition, to be championed by Mr. T. P. O'Connor—all these things must have been gall and wormwood even to a person so well skilled in taking bitter draughts without making wry faces as the present Prime Minister. But all these subsidiary bitternesses must have been as nothing compared with the feeling of the cause which he was actually defending. No one questions the sincerity, the ardent sincerity, of Mr. Gladstone's religious belief. But premiership, like other things, evidently makes men acquainted with the strangest of bedfellows. How grateful Mr. Gladstone must feel to Mr. Adam for his judicious management of the Northampton election!

If, however, Monday night was one of slow martyrdom, Tuesday was distinguished by two acute spasms which must have affected all the Ministry alike. For days they have been the butts of the eager expostulations of their partisans, of the grave and ironical consolations of their opponents, in the matter of Sir Bartle Frere, and to a less degree in the matter of the Transvaal. The retention in his post of the Governor and High Commissioner of the Cape was not an act which could possibly meet with directly hostile criticism at the hands of Conservatives, or of those uncommitted persons who had approved the African policy of the last Ministry. But, if the act escaped censure, the actors were certainly in a most awkward position. Conservative support was, under the circumstances, the most headbreaking of precious balms, and Radical reproach was as hard, if not so intolerable. But surely no Cabinet, after having got itself into a fix, ever got itself out of one in so strange a fashion. Mr. Gladstone's language in reference to his own statements was characterized by his usual casuistical ingenuity; and it is probable that his conscience was quite at ease when he denied that he had said in Midlothian what he had actually said in Peebles. His adversaries are used to this; his followers, we suppose, are used to it likewise. Perhaps they are also used to the tortuous phrases in which the Government intentions with regard to Sir Bartle were finally adjusted in some occult manner to the demands of the Radical members. Confederation is, it seems, of immense importance; and Sir Bartle is of immense importance to confederation. We are inclined to think that the late Government had some similar idea. Places in which the High Commissioner might do mischief have been handed over to Sir George Colley, as "geographically belonging" to that officer. So, we think, similar places were recently placed under Sir Garnet Wolseley—possibly for geographical reasons also. Sir Bartle's "hands" are not to be "weakened," but "precautions have been taken which will be quite effectual against the possible bias of any events in South Africa which might give cause for dissatisfaction." Finally, at some future time Sir Bartle's case is to be "disentangled from the subject of confederation"; in which it is, as we fully admit, at present very considerably entangled—by Mr. Gladstone. It is almost impossible to avoid feeling profound commiseration for a statesman floundering in such a mess as this. Mr. Gladstone wishes to retain Sir Bartle Frere in office; he knows, let us say, that it is wise to do so; he knows that by so doing he is making his followers indignant and his enemies scornful. So he "jumbles it all together," as Captain O'Brien did when he was beaten by one French ship and took another. He means to keep Sir Bartle in office and he means to recall him; to strengthen his hands and to take precautions against the bias of events; to run with the hare of statesmanship and hunt with the hounds of Radicalism. And all this time there sat, or might figuratively be said to sit, beside and behind him colleagues who delivered all this as their act and deed, and who had over and over again execrated Sir Bartle Frere, denounced the annexation of the Transvaal, and urged the African policy of the Tory Government as one of the chiefest reasons for their overthrow. It was again an excellent comedy, not, however, without something of the tragic in it.

The second paroxysm of Ministerial humiliation on Tuesday was fortunately of a less grave character. We must confess to a suspicion which has constantly haunted us since the constitution of the Cabinet, that Lord Hartington must have taken a solemn oath not to take the Secretaryship at War. All the world remembers the famous history of the Army Discipline Bill; how it was at first supported with more or less loyalty by Lord Hartington and Sir William Harcourt, the latter of whom indeed had good reason for its support; how the Home Rulers and the English Radicals got up the "cat" agitation; how the present President of the Board of Trade solemnly denounced the present Indian Secretary as the "late leader of the Opposition"; and how, appalled by this, Lord Hartington struck his colours and ran up the black flag. At that time everybody who was not concerned to throw mud at the Government pointed out the flagrant injustice of making such a matter a party question, and the dead certainty of administrative and departmental difficulties which such a proceeding would bring about. On Tuesday Mr. Cowen asked the intentions of the Government as to flogging, and Mr. Childers gave him his answer, an answer which we are sure we are not wrong in saying Lord Hartington would personally never have given. It seems that the members of the Government have just awoke to the necessity of inventing "some punishment that can be substituted for flogging." They have even discovered that "the discipline of the army at a grave crisis" may depend on their powers of invention. They cannot possibly do it this Session, and the House must have confidence in them. If Colonel Stanley is not fully avenged, he must indeed be a rancorous person. That all these considerations must have been fully present to the minds of the Opposition last year it is unnecessary to observe. Indeed the incident would be almost spoilt by comment. We must leave the Government to their inquiries, and hope that the strappado or the wooden horse, the thumbscrew or the boots, may not result from their studies of comparative punishment. For a Ministry to cut a sorrier figure than this is, we should have thought impossible, but evidently the infinite variety of self-abasement is not yet staled for them. In a few days the Karolyi Letter, the Fawcett incident, the case of Sir Bartle Frere, and now this flogging business, have exhibited them individually and collectively in the most ridiculous lights—lights which only cease to be ridiculous when they become odious. The end which we venture to prophesy, the end of men's powers of laughing, must be rapidly approaching, and amusement must give way to another feeling. No Englishman, we should suppose, after the first flash of partisan malice is over, can avoid a certain feeling of shame at what is shameless, of contempt for what is contemptible. The era of misrepresentation appears to be in process of being succeeded by an era of awkward plagiarism tempered by more awkward apologies. Heaven only knows to what this will in its turn give place.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY BILL.

THERE is reason to hope that the long-debated question of the liability of employers for injuries sustained by persons in their service is near its solution. The Bill introduced by Mr. Dodson is framed on the reasonable lines which Mr. Brassey followed in constructing a similar measure last year. There is another Bill before the House of Commons which bears on its back the names of Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Burt, and Mr. Broadhurst. It would be satisfactory, of course, if the Government could have accepted the working-man's view of the controversy. In that case a definitive end would have been put to the agitation by the conclusive expedient of yielding everything that has been or can be asked. Mr. Macdonald simply proposes to abolish the plea of common employment. He would make it no ground of defence to an action for compensation that the injury was incurred by reason of the negligence of a person engaged in a common employment with the person injured. The law in respect to injuries done to fellow-servants would be assimilated to the law in respect of injuries done to strangers. In all cases where the person injured did not materially contribute to the injury done him by his own negligence, he would have the same remedy against his master as though he were not in his service. But, however desirable it may be to bring the controversy to a final end, it is not permissible to do so by the infliction of positive injustice. The position of a large employer of labour, supposing that Mr. Macdonald's Bill were to pass, would be intolerable. At any moment he might become liable to support a crippled workman for life, or to stand in his place to his widow and children. No amount of care on his part would enable him to avoid this liability. He might employ thousands of workmen, and by the act of any one of them—taken on, perhaps, only yesterday by a foreman, and destined to be discharged as unsuitable to-morrow—he might have this burden laid upon him. There is nothing in an arrangement of this kind to increase in the slightest degree the workman's immunity from hurt. The only immunity that would be secured by such legislation would be the master's immunity from profit. The object of making a man responsible for the acts of his servant is partly to ensure care in the choice of a servant, and partly to make the servant himself careful. It is an additional reason for not keeping a drunken coachman in your service that you may have to pay not only for damage done to your carriage or horses, but for damage done to the persons he drives over. The knowledge that, if his master

has to make compensation for some injury done by his carelessness, he will lose his place and not get a character, may in turn help to keep the coachman sober. But where a large body of workmen are concerned there is no room for these motives to act. The master does not choose the men. That is a duty devolving on some subordinate, and even with him it is often a matter of necessity, not of choice. He takes the men who offer themselves, and if he refused them he would get no others. The workman is under no fear of being dismissed; for, if work is slack, dismissal must come anyhow, and so long as it is brisk he is sure of getting employment in one place if he loses it in another. The only reason therefore that can be assigned for making employers liable for injuries sustained by one workman through the carelessness of another is that the employer is better able to stand the loss than the workman is. That is to say, the burden of an accidental injury should fall, not on the man who sustains the injury, but on a neighbour who happens to be rich. If this doctrine were recognized in the case of employer and workman, there seems to be no reason why it should stop there. Let it be supposed that a man falls off a ladder opposite the Duke of Westminster's house, and that the ladder has been carelessly placed by a fellow-workman; why should the duty of supporting the sufferer and his family during his illness or of compensating his family for his death fall to the share of his employer? He is in no way responsible for what has happened, since he could not by any possible care on his part have prevented it. Consequently the only reason for calling upon him to make compensation is the fact that he is able to make it—that is, that he is rich and the workman is poor. But then the Duke of Westminster is probably very much richer than the master, and proportionately better able to pay the money. The principle of Mr. Macdonald's Bill is neither more nor less than the principle of taxing the rich for the benefit of the poor. It is a poor-law designed for the relief of a single class, and charged upon the property of a single class.

Mr. Dodson's Bill steers clear of this error, and limits the liability of an employer for injuries inflicted by the negligence of a fellow-workman to cases in which the person at whose door the injury lies has superintendence entrusted to him, or has authority to give orders to which the sufferer was bound to conform; to cases in which the cause of the injury has been defective machinery or plant connected with the business of the employer; and to cases in which the injury has followed upon obedience to the rules or by-laws of the employer. As regards all the accidents for which provision is here made, the employer clearly has it in his power, if not entirely to prevent, at least greatly to lessen the danger of accident. He can be careful in choosing his foremen, and in seeing that his foremen do not delegate to wrong persons the authority given to them. He can be careful in buying his plant or machinery, and in seeing that it is not allowed to go out of repair. He can take some trouble about the rules in force in his establishment, and insist that they shall be made for use and not merely for show, and be meant to be obeyed, not merely hung up for occasional reference when it happens to be convenient to show that they have not been obeyed. Upon all these points the relation of the employer to such accidents as may happen to his workmen is perfectly intelligible. If he is a good master, he does all these things of his own free will. The accidents that happen to his workmen happen, so far as he is concerned, really by chance; all that he can do to guard against them he does. The object of Mr. Dodson's Employers' Liability Bill is to provide an inducement to careless or parsimonious employers to follow the example of careful and liberal employers. Like most other laws, it is meant as a terror to them that do evil. It is not expedient to punish them directly, but it is expedient to punish them indirectly; to warn them that, if they employ incompetent subordinates or try to save money by using bad plant or bad machinery, they will be held liable for any ill consequences that may follow. The new Bill follows the analogy of many recent Acts of Parliament, and endeavours to ensure good conduct by the unheroic, but effectual, plan of making bad conduct too costly to venture on. It will be a continual reminder to every employer that, where life and limb are dependent on him, he has no business to be negligent. In most cases it is in the power of a master to see that he is represented by capable subordinates; that, in purchasing plant or machinery, he goes to good makers and pays a fair price; and that no rules are laid down in his shop which are not honestly meant to guard against danger, rather than to shield the employer after danger has been incurred. If he is not willing to give his business the amount of time and thought which attention to these points demands, it is only reasonable that he should be made to give it; and Mr. Dodson's Bill will undoubtedly operate as a very strong inducement in this direction. It is identical in substance with Mr. Brassey's Bill of last Session, and in that character it has already received the support of one powerful group of workmen, the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. It is creditable to this Society that they should have seen the injustice of Mr. Macdonald's Bill, and have had the good sense to put themselves forward as the advocates of a measure which aims at laying nothing more on the employer than what he may justly be called upon to bear.

THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS.

IF it were not that the political Dissenter is a dreadfully touchy person, and that he is wont to take the most respectful congratulations and the best-meant advice for insult and contumely, we should congratulate the Liberation Society and the Protestant Dissenting Deputies on the feast which at the end of last week they offered to the friends of religious equality in the present Parliament. It is true that we do not exactly know what a Protestant Dissenting Deputy is, but it is evident that he must be something irreconcilably Nonconformist. Now that the Nonconformists, if they did not win the late Radical triumph off their own bat, contributed by far the largest share to it, is indisputable. They seem to be a little uncomfortable in accepting on this point the assurances of those who do not agree with them, but their discomfort is quite needless. No merely political party in England could well have developed the happy powers of casuistry which triumphantly seated Mr. Watkin Williams in Carnarvonshire and Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian, and which have since emboldened the latter to state his opinion publicly on the question of the keeping of promises. We are afraid that, terrible as is the repute of the Church of England among Radicals for electioneering, we could not undertake to find any of its priests or deacons who would be so ready with their absolutions as the Nonconformist ministers of Wales and Scotland. To the victors then—not exactly the spoils, for on that point there is, as we shall see, a little unpleasantness—but the jubilations undoubtedly belong. The Cannon Street Hotel is not altogether a good substitute for the Capitol, and a breakfast is less imposing than a regular triumph. But the Nonconformists have never been remarkable for exact study of the classics or for a burning attachment to art. Even if the services of Herr Makart could have been engaged, there might have been objections on the part of the City police—directed by a base and brutal Tory Corporation—to a solemn march through the streets, with Mr. Richard in toga and crown, and his body painted red, and defeated Conservative ex-members following his car, to be subsequently slaughtered at the City Temple. The allegorical personages, too, who are so important in triumphal processions, would have been difficult to manage. What is the proper allegorical representation of casuistry? Would a group composed of a life-size Welsh voter, urged by earnest Nonconformist ministers not to “reverence the oath,” have been sufficient? On the whole, the breakfast was better and safer. As far as symbolism went, nothing could have been more appropriate and gratifying than the spectacle presented within a very few hours afterwards by Sir William Harcourt at Derby. That convertite’s presentation to his new constituents appears to have been managed in accordance with a reminiscence of the profane play of *Richard III.* The newspapers represent the Home Secretary as appearing at the balcony of the Midland Hotel supported by Nonconformist ministers exactly as Richard appeared “aloft between two bishops.” This was enough for art; the proceedings at the Cannon Street Hotel were refreshingly simple and natural. Breakfast and speeches—food for the body and for the mind, “they belauding, he applauding”—what could Nonconformist wish for more?

The address of Mr. Richard was indeed full of instruction—perhaps we may add, also, of amusement. He informed his audience that he believed there were within the walls of St. Stephen’s “more than a hundred Nonconformists proper.” This passage at once excites the attentive mind in a pleasing manner. The existence of the Nonconformist proper obviously implies the existence of the Nonconformist improper, and malice instantly desires to find out the denotation of the latter term. Does it apply to Mr. Bradlaugh, of whom it would seem to be a singularly happy description? Does it apply to Mr. Thorold Rogers, who appears to have been present at the breakfast, and whose claim to be a Nonconformist is rather a negative than a positive one? Or does it apply to such weak vessels as Mr. Watkin Williams, who subsequently declared himself to have been “brought up in the Church of England, but to be a Nonconformist in spirit”? The Church is indeed to be congratulated on her nursing, and Nonconformity on its proselyte. But why does Mr. Williams call himself “a Nonconformist in spirit”? Does this Carnarvonshire Naaman mean to imply that on Sunday mornings his body is bowing in the steeple-house, while his soul is performing its devotions in Little Bethel? If so, the congratulations just made must be still more hearty. But we left Mr. Richard enumerating Nonconformists. This arithmetical exercise was followed by a lively piece of oratory, describing how the Nonconformist, whom Lord Beaconsfield is said to have said that he had killed, had “stood up armed *cap-à-pie*, and in a menacing attitude.” We thought that Nonconformists disliked uniforms of any kind, and a complete suit of offensive and defensive armour seems to be unnecessary for the purpose of getting hold of voters in a corner, and pointing out to them that they will be damned if they keep their promises. But this too may pass, as may also Mr. Richard’s quite superfluous demonstration of the efficiency of the Nonconformist tactics. The really interesting part of the speech did not come until he began to deal with the future conduct of the victorious party. His handling was full of matter for the consideration of the Government. The Nonconformists, he said, were not going to be unreasonable, *but*—; they were quite content not to push the question of English disestablishment at this moment, *but*—; they did not grumble at the small representa-

tion of Nonconformity in the Government, *but*— And here Mr. Richard’s “*but*” became such a lively and picturesque “*but*” that it is necessary to translate it more fully. There are, it seems, about a hundred great and small Government places, “from the Lord Chancellor, at 10,000*l.* a year,” says Mr. Richard (with a delightfully ingenious indication of the real sweets of office) “to the sub-secretary’s secretary” at probably 100*l.* Now, as we have already heard, there are also (providentially) just one hundred Nonconformists proper in Parliament. The conclusion is obvious, though we are far from hinting that Mr. Richard presented this ratiocination to his audience. What he did say was that there were only two of all these who were in office, and that those two were in the Cabinet, rather although than because they were Nonconformists. We do not quite see why Lord Ripon and Lord Kenmare, who are Nonconformists too in their way, should not be counted, but this would probably have shocked the Protestant Dissenting Deputies. At any rate Mr. Richard did hint pretty broadly that the labourer was worthy of his hire, and we quite agree with him. No man can be expected to lend the spiritual arm—especially with such vigour and with such an engaging absence of obsolete scruples—for nothing. It is a great disadvantage, says Mr. Richard, to be excluded from place and office as a class. So it is; though, if anybody were to point out that the exclusion is perfectly voluntary and self-imposed, Mr. Richard would probably be angry. He was followed by the Rev. Alexander Hannay, who of all the speakers at the meeting is decidedly the vessel of our choice. There is no nonsense about Mr. Hannay. “He did not,” he said, “care for the Burials question one bit, except in so far as it gave them opportunity of getting light into the mind of the nation on the question of religious equality.” Cruel, cruel Mr. Hannay! What has become of that great and practical grievance of which we have heard so much? Where are the aggrieved Dissenting relatives waiting, like the fairy in a touching Icelandic story, at the churchyard wall, while a fiendish servant of the State buries their dead with unhallowed and peremptory rites? Evidently nowhere. Mr. Hannay does not care a bit for the Burials Bill except as a lever to work for Disestablishment. After this the speeches got uninteresting, and indeed it must be admitted that there were not many great lights available. The long list of distinguished persons who regretted their inability to be present must have caused woe to Mr. Thorold Rogers, who is never without an historical precedent. “They have more wit than to be here,” we can imagine him muttering over his breakfast.

In the intoxication of victory, as in another and more vulgar form of intoxication, there is doubtless truth; and the feasters of Cannon Street, though they probably confined themselves to tea and coffee and lemonade for the most part, told a sufficiently intelligible tale. Mr. Richard’s long speech put into a few words means this—“Nonconformity of the political kind is simply a skilful application of religious means to gain purely secular and selfish ends.” Mr. Hannay’s, treated in the same way, means—“All the grievances we talk of are merely mantlets behind which to work for the undermining of the detested Church.” A curious confirmation of this was to be found the other day in a meeting at Bideford, where the amiable Nonconformists of the place rabbled the Bishop of Exeter and Lord Nelson, who had come among them rather dove-than-serpent-wise on a message of peace. On that occasion a minister whose name we forget, but who is reported to have spoken with a good deal of vigour, declared frankly that, for his part, he would never be reconciled to the Church as long as he was excluded from the gilt morocco thrones of the Bishops in the House of Lords. People, in short, might talk any nonsense they liked about dogma and church government; what he wanted was place and power. Of course it would have been futile to point out to this outspoken gentleman that, by leaving the national Church, he had put himself out of the running for the gilt morocco thrones, and that the gates of the national Church were open night and day to him if he chose to return. Of course it would be equally vain to point out to him that, if he is excluded from the House of Lords, clergymen of the Church of England are excluded from the House of Commons, where the “Rev.” Mr. Brown of Bethel and the “Rev.” Mr. Green of Ebenezer may resort at their own sweet will and that of the constituencies to have their hats knocked off by energetic laymen of an oratorical turn. The adage about the goose and the gander is inapplicable, because it is not in the nature of things that the aspiring Nonconformist should allow himself to be compared to a goose. But, though argument of any kind is impossible with the political Dissenter, it does not seem that it ought to be quite so impossible with those who have hitherto been glad to use the political Dissenter as a tool. Mr. Richard hardly exaggerated the stock idea of Liberals on the subject in saying that they think the Nonconformists ought to “lend hoping for nothing again.” It is quite obvious that, though the Nonconformists are not such fools as to press for their pay before it is possible to give it them, they are equally determined to have it, sooner or later, in the only form acceptable. Common sense shows this, and their own avowals show it hardly more strongly. These ingenious avowals also show in what light they regard the sops which Liberal Governments occasionally fling to them. They say, with much honesty, “In themselves we do not care for them a bit; it is only because the granting of them is a step to the granting of what we do care for, the satisfaction of our sectarian spite, the relief of our sense of social inferiority, the glutting of our envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, that we accept

them at all." Persons brought up in the Church of England, but who are "Nonconformists in spirit," of course cannot be expected to be affected by these considerations. But there must be members of Parliament, and not a few of them, who, if they honestly considered the bargain they are tacitly making and endorsing afresh at each election, would feel some unpleasant qualms.

OUR NEW IRONCLAD.

DURING the present month the trial trip of H.M.S. *Neptune*, which has been at last completed, has taken place in the Solent. This trial was of peculiar interest, to explain which it is necessary to give the history of the latest ironclad added to the British navy. The vessel was, as is generally known, originally called the *Independencia*, and was constructed for the Brazilian Government from designs which Mr. E. J. Reed prepared in 1872. Various mishaps befel her during her construction, but of these it is not necessary to speak. In March 1878, being then, as it was thought, completed and ready for service, she was purchased by the English Government out of the vote of credit, at the cost, deducting what was charged for armament and stores, of 556,050*l*. She was sent to Portsmouth, and during the two years which have elapsed since that time she has, under the direction of the constructors there, been undergoing alterations and improvements which were required in order to enable her to carry the service guns and to take her place as a British man-of-war. In the Estimates for 1879-80 she was described as one of the vessels which were to be completed after purchase, and the task of completing her was estimated at 38,576*l*. Owing to the peculiar manner in which the Estimates were framed this year, it is impossible to ascertain whether this amount has been exceeded; but in any case there can be no doubt that a considerable sum must have been spent on her. Now, at last, she is complete; and as she was designed by, and built under the supervision of, a great naval architect, and was afterwards improved during two years by the Admiralty constructors, it may easily be imagined that much interest attached to her trial trip. What the results of that trip were, and how far they satisfied any expectations which may have been formed, will best be shown by a short analysis of the careful account which has appeared of the vessel's six hours experimental steaming.

Before entering on this, however, it is necessary to give some description of her. The *Neptune* is a very large and powerful turret-ship, inferior in armament to the *Inflexible* only. She carries four 38-ton and two 12½-ton guns, and is protected by armour which is in parts thirteen inches thick. She is of 9,000 tons displacement, and has engines which are supposed to be of 9,000 horse-power. She therefore has, or ought to have, a larger proportion of horse-power to displacement than any other ironclad in the British navy, and her speed of course should be very great. High speed, however, if it were attained, would of course require a great consumption of coal, and in any estimate of the *Neptune's* value to the country as a sea-going vessel of war, her coal-carrying capacity is a most important element; but no information respecting it is given in the elaborate account of the vessel and of her trial trip which appeared in the *Times*. We should mention that this account was published at the beginning of last week; but we have delayed speaking of it till now, as it seemed not improbable that some explanation would be given of the apparent failure which it recorded. None has, however, been offered. With regard to the account it is to be observed that it is clearly the work of a very friendly critic, if indeed the writer can be called a critic at all. He is most anxious that all the difficulties the designer had to contend with should be fully appreciated. He explains that the Brazilian officers who gave Mr. Reed his instructions desired that the ship should have a raised fore-castle and poop for the accommodation of the officers and crew, and that these superstructures interfere seriously with all-round fire. He also points out that heavy masts and spars and a large sail area were required, and says pathetically that Mr. Reed "in designing the *Independencia* was greatly hampered by the peremptory nature of his instructions." With what seems extreme anxiety to avoid anything like unfair criticism, he even takes the trouble to explain that the arrangement of the turrets in the *Neptune*, which is similar to that in the *Dreadnought*, *Devastation*, and *Thunderer*, is not so objectionable in the first-named vessel as in the others, since, with any arrangement of the turrets, her fore-castle and poop would make end-on fire impossible. It certainly would be very unfair to blame a naval architect for faults which were due to those who instructed him, and it is as pleasant as it is unusual to find a public writer so anxious to demolish all grounds for unjust censure. If, however, such a writer does point out any defects, it may be, to say the least, considered as highly probable that the defects exist, and that they are not in the smallest degree exaggerated by the kindly critic. What he says against the vessel is not likely to be at all beyond the truth. Unfortunately, some defects have to be pointed out in the *Neptune* by this well-disposed writer which, even as stated by him, do not seem to be trifling ones. After stating that she was tried at what is supposed to be "her normal trim," he says that, as she steamed through the water, "her full bows pushed ahead, when driving at full power, a wave which could not have been less than from 10 ft. to 11 ft. in height, and consequently threw great strain upon the machinery as well as

retarding considerably the way of the ship. It was also noticed that a broad channel of dead water followed in her wake."

Now those who have not paid attention to naval architecture may not be aware that, as the speed of a vessel increases, so does the wave which she raises in front of her, and that at considerable speed, this wave, and others generated by it, constitute a great element of resistance. Its size depends much on the shape of the ship, and for some time past the principal effort of naval architects in designing vessels intended for high speed has been so to model them that the wave-making resistance might be small. Otherwise enormous power, and consequently a huge expenditure of fuel, are required. It certainly seems as if this object had not been attained in the *Neptune*. It is perfectly true that a considerable bow-wave does not necessarily show that there is a large total wave-resistance; but nevertheless such a wave as that raised by the *Neptune*, and the huge amount of disturbed water she left behind her, seem to show that the wave-making resistance and eddy-making resistance were very great. Full bows—which it appears she has—cause the first kind of resistance to increase enormously as high speed is attained.

From such information, therefore, as has been given respecting the performance of this huge and costly vessel, it would certainly seem as if there were defects in her form which may seriously impair her efficiency as a sea-going man-of-war. To say this is not necessarily to cast grave blame on the designer. He had to deal with a very difficult problem, in treating which mistakes have often been made by accomplished men; and Mr. Reid, though a skilful naval architect, is certainly not infallible. Possibly he may have been even more hampered by conditions than is indicated by the very sympathetic critic in the *Times*. However that may be, the result of his efforts does not seem to be by any means satisfactory, and unfortunately defects in form do not appear to be the only defects of this steamship. Her engines are by those deservedly famous makers, Messrs. Penn and Sons, and from the first part of the account of them in the *Times* it appears as if they were all that could be desired. They are described as being of Messrs. Penn's well-known trunk pattern, and the writer then goes on to say:—

In some of our most recent armour-clads, such, for example, as the *Alexandra*, *Timeraire*, *Inflexible*, and *Dreadnought*, and the ships of the Nelson class, the engineer department at the Admiralty has shown a decided preference for vertical compound engines; but the horizontal and simple expansive machinery of the *Neptune* lies well down on the plunger blocks below the water, gives little trouble, wears well, and has afforded great satisfaction in the service. The engines are precisely of the same kind as those which were supplied by the same makers to the *Hercules* and *Sultan*, but of greater power, the augmentation being due to increased boiler power. Indeed, no engines yet afloat have developed the same amount of power under trial; and if the displacement of the ship is considered in connexion with the horse-power of the machinery, the *Neptune* will appear the strongest-engined armour-clad in the Navy. For while the *Dreadnought* is 10,886 tons to 8,000 horses, the *Alexandra* 9,492 tons to 8,615 horses, the *Thunderer* 9,387 tons to 6,270 horses, and the *Inflexible* 11,406 tons to 8,000 horses, in the *Neptune* the power per ton of displacement is equally balanced, being, according to the Navy List, 9,000 indicated horse-power to 9,000 tons.

Certainly it is to be gathered from this that, so far as regards the engines of the *Neptune*, the taxpayers have had good value for their money; but it presently appears from the account of what took place at the trial trip that these all but perfect engines have one trifling fault. The stokehole is not unlikely to stew the stokers alive. After giving a variety of dimensions and some highly technical details, unintelligible to most people, the writer of the account in the *Times* innocently remarks that, when the ship was going to Spithead on the Monday before the trial, the engines "were not pushed beyond forty revolutions. Indeed the temperature in the stokehole, which sometimes reached as high as 163°, proved more than the stokers could withstand." He then explains that, as the turrets are supported on pillars immediately above the stokeholes, the natural air passages are "somewhat boxed in," and that the contrivances which have been resorted to for obtaining a good supply of air proved ineffective. He cheerfully observes that the evil is not beyond a remedy; and for the sake of the unfortunate stokers, who it seems have fires both at their faces and backs, it is to be hoped that he is right; but it is difficult to feel very sanguine when such a defect is discovered in a vessel which has been so long in hand. It probably is not the fault of Messrs. Penn, who, as every one knows, are amongst the best makers in England, but clearly some one must be greatly to blame for the fact that in this long-considered vessel the stokers are liable to be half-grilled and half-stifled at their work. Owing in part, no doubt, to their being threatened with premature cremation, and in part perhaps to other causes, the engines do not seem to have worked well at the trial. The average speed on four runs over the measured mile was 14.216 knots, which is certainly not a high speed for the most powerfully engined ironclad in the navy. Better results, however, are promised shortly. Two years' work at a vessel which was supposed to be complete not having proved sufficient, further improvements are to be made, in consequence of which the engines will develop higher power and, wave-resistance notwithstanding, the vessel will attain higher speed.

At present, however, it must be said that the results which have been obtained are anything but satisfactory, and indeed are such as to cause grave doubts as to the wisdom with which a portion of the money obtained under the vote of credit was expended. This ironclad was purchased for considerably more than half a million, and a large sum has been spent in altering her.

She has the radical defect of not being able to fire ahead or astern, and her trial appears to give reason for supposing that her form is not a good one. Her trial also shows that, when after two years' labour she is supposed to be completed, there is a very grave defect in the arrangement of the boilers and stoke-hole, owing to which the men can hardly work, and the supply of air to the furnaces is insufficient. This defect may possibly be remediable; but the other, if it exists, is not; and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Admiralty were hasty and careless in paying so much money as they did for this very doubtful acquisition to the navy. A staff of experts should have been able to judge of the shape of the hull, and it surely cannot have been very hard to foresee that a large amount of alteration would be necessary in order to fit the vessel for the British navy. The peculiar circumstances under which the money was expended must, no doubt, be taken into consideration; but even when they are allowed for it is difficult to believe that it can have been worth while to give so large a sum for her. It is to be observed, too, that a period of time considerably exceeding the duration of a modern campaign has been required to make the alterations which were thought necessary for her, and that even now she does not attain the intended speed, and that more work is wanted. Probably she will be ready for active service at about the same date that the *Inflexible* is. The time occupied in erecting the Nelson Column seems to be approximated by that required for the building and completion of an ironclad.

THEATRICAL "SUPERS."

THE theatrical super is a person whom the careless playgoer is very apt to regard with indifference. The historical importance of the parts which he is constantly summoned to assume has somehow failed to win for this unfortunate performer the fame which would seem to be his desert. He is at one moment a knight in armour, at another the favourite of a king, and yet the illusion of the stage is powerless to raise him to the dignity of his position. However worthily he may bear a banner or wave a sword, the secret of his identity is still studiously withheld from the public; and if the piece in which he is engaged proves a failure, the force of popular derision not un seldom lights upon his wholly innocent contribution to the dulness of the entertainment. Indeed, where he is not altogether neglected, he is very likely to be treated with ridicule and contempt. His name never finds its way on to any playbill, and his individuality is merged in a motley crowd of "courtiers, officers of the guard, and attendants." If his armour is not a perfect fit, there is always some wag in the gallery ready to announce the fact to the audience; if his sword, as will sometimes happen even in the best regulated stage army, becomes entangled in his legs, the incident is greeted with peals of laughter, and the unfortunate culprit is hooted off the stage, only to receive the curses of the hero, whose stately exit has been unluckily interrupted. It is somewhat surprising that, amid the many reforms of the modern stage, the claims of the super still remain unrecognized. The constant protests against what is known as the "star" system have never taken account of the super's modest and necessary exertions; and even the vaunted *régime* of the Comédie Française does not afford a means of bringing the exercise of his talents directly to the notice of the world. It would be scarcely wonderful if such long and persistent neglect had bred in the super himself a cynical disposition. The titles and dignities so freely lavished upon him, and even the splendid raiment in which he is clothed, can only serve to reinforce the conviction of his own personal obscurity. Bitterly resenting the unmerited neglect he is fated to endure, the super must doubtless secrete in the course of a long career some trenchant and withering criticisms upon the heroes he is called upon to serve. The confessions of a super would form a very interesting contribution to dramatic literature. The publication of such a document could not but serve to lessen the pretensions of a number of eminent performers, and it may be doubted whether even the opinions of a *valet-de-chambre* would more effectively undermine the foundations of an actor's glory.

There is perhaps no immediate danger of such a terrible exposure. The super has not yet realized the extent of his power. At present he suffers in isolation, and the pride of the artist's nature does not permit him to use the powerful engine of combination which has been so successfully employed by the skilled artisan. But there are limits to the patient endurance even of those who have no higher lot in life than to hedge in the divinity of a stage king. Under strong provocation the super will be found to possess the ultimate resource of the worm, and a case that has recently been reported ought to serve as a warning to the profession that even the most autocratic manager cannot with impunity kick "a captain of the guard." It would seem from the evidence given before the magistrates that the captain of the guard at the Birmingham Theatre does not possess that strict sense of discipline which we have a right to expect from a soldier of his rank. He has been performing a double part in a comic opera called the *Sultan of Mocha*, and the rapid change of identity seems to have baffled the resources of his genius. He had to "go to the property-room to get a sword"; but when he arrived at the entrance of the stage the curtain was up, and the officers of the guard were left to face the gaze of the public without the en-

couraging guidance of their commander. Under these trying circumstances the zeal of the manager overcame his discretion, and, according to the captain's own account of the matter, he was unceremoniously kicked into his place. The manager, however, avers that he merely gave him a friendly push, and that this was dictated by a proper desire to complete the Sultan's army; but in any case the incident appears to have had an unfortunate influence upon the exercise of the super's talent, and to have left him in some confusion as to his real place in the performance. Upon being pressed by the magistrates, he was not very clear as to his rank or position in the army of his royal master, and he could not be persuaded to commit himself to anything more positive than that he "had a sword and the others had spears." It is obviously impossible that subordinate characters can be fitly impersonated if the actors are not informed of the nature of their duties. There is a story of a super who was animated by so strong a devotion to his art that he insisted upon being furnished with a copy of the play in order that he might "study his situations," and such excess of zeal is certainly to be preferred to the careless indifference of an actor who cannot tell whether he is a "captain of the guard" or a common soldier. Such a deplorable confession only shows that the super is beginning to pay back in kind the neglect of which he has so long been the victim. If he chose to seek such occasions of revenge, there is no doubt that he could make things exceedingly disagreeable even for the most eminent performers. A monarch whose subjects did not shout with joy at his approach might be left in a very awkward predicament, and the hero of a thrilling situation who could not count upon the threatening murmurs of the "crowd without" would be apt to cut a poor figure upon the stage, and to be deprived of the sympathies of his audience. Every consideration of prudence no less than of art points to the necessity of conciliating this oppressed race. A clown who means to make an effective exit cannot afford to quarrel with the gentlemen whose duty it is to hold the blanket for his reception. The heroes and heroines of tragedy have equal need of sympathetic support, and there is scarcely a play of any sort which might not be rendered ridiculous if the supers engaged were permitted to indulge in cynical disregard of their very grave responsibilities.

An incident which has just happened at the Standard Theatre gives a sufficiently grave and serious import to these observations. The super has constantly to discharge duties in the course of a drama which necessarily involve a certain amount of real danger to the performers, and the narrow escape of one of our leading actresses proves how necessary it is that such duties should be entrusted to thoroughly responsible persons. Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with Miss Wallis's earnest and effective performance of Mr. Will's romantic play of *Ninon*, but it has perhaps not occurred to any one that to the intellectual labours of the representation there was added an element of personal danger. The public has been so often assured of the perfection and safety of every stage device that even the spectacle of a house in flames fails to awaken any other sentiment than that of curiosity. The incident to which we refer shows clearly, however, that this feeling of confidence is not always well founded. The performance of *Ninon* has recently been transferred from the Adelphi to the Standard Theatre, and the structure of the drama has been altered so as to substitute a tragic ending to the fortunes of the heroine. In the conduct of the closing scene the mob shoot down St. Cyr, and Ninon in a spirit of self-sacrifice interposes her own body to save the life of her lover. It appears that the pistol with which she is wounded has been usually discharged by an actor duly informed of the precautions necessary in such cases. On the evening in question, however, this actor was not to be found, and one of the supers was hastily summoned for the work, with instructions to fire at a certain cue. The man, so it seems, was wholly ignorant of any other than his ordinary duties, and no one had taken the trouble to ascertain that he was fit for his work. When the appointed moment arrived he fired according to his directions; but, instead of raising the pistol, he proceeded, with most unfortunate devotion to his part, to point it at the face of the actress. Fortunately for herself, Miss Wallis perceived his mistake in time, and was quick enough to avoid the shock. Had she shown less presence of mind, it is probable she must have suffered very serious injury, and it is at least certain that the explosion of gunpowder so near her face would have resulted in permanent disfigurement. The report in the *Era* from which we have taken these facts adds that the imminence of the danger, and her very narrow escape, produced a feeling of general consternation in the theatre. Such an alarming circumstance, though it has happily produced no grave results, must tend to shake the confidence of the public in the boasted precautions which managers are supposed to take in regard to the conduct of these thrilling stage effects. Here is a form of danger not to be provided against by any kind of restrictive legislation. We may pass laws to forbid reckless acrobatic performances, but no law can guard the public or the profession from the evils of a grossly careless system. The discharge of a pistol on the stage is a thing of no danger in itself, if only it is entrusted to capable hands; but when any inexperienced performer, hired perhaps only for the night, and wholly unused to the ways of a theatre, is left to the guidance of his own intelligence, it is not very surprising that accidents should occur. The only matter for surprise is that they do not occur more often;

and in view of the facts which this incident has served to disclose, the public, we think, has a right to demand that managers shall use greater caution in the selection of their servants, and that they shall at least display the common prudence which the most careless person would observe in the conduct of his own business.

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY CRISIS.

AN important American Railway Company has stopped payment, causing a sensation approaching almost to panic in the stock markets of the United States, and reacting with great force on this side of the Atlantic; and fears are expressed that the disaster may be the beginning of another period of depression such as we have so lately passed through. These fears appear to us greatly exaggerated. There are no grounds for supposing that the prosperity of the United States has received a serious check. It is too real, and based upon foundations too solid, to be so easily shaken. It has its origin, as we know, in the migration of vast numbers of work-people after the crash of 1873 from the towns to the country, in the consequent settlement of vast tracts of previously unoccupied land, and in the resulting extension of cultivation. This primary cause of recovery has been assisted by steady thrift, by reductions in the cost of production, by a succession of three abundant harvests, and by a series of very bad harvests in Europe, giving an unusual demand for those bountiful crops. A prosperity so genuine is not destroyed by a brief fit of recklessness. Besides, the telegraphed quotations of the New York market bear none of the traces of a real crash. We know from experience what are the accompaniments of the kind of crisis which winds up a period of inflation. Money is scarce and dear, bankers being timid and making their customers pay smartly for the accommodation given; at the same time, traders generally need balances, either to make immediate payments or as a safeguard against contingencies, and there is a pressure to realize securities for which a market can be found. If, then, the condition of things at New York were now serious, we should look to find the rate for call money very high—a heavy commission being charged in addition to the extreme legal interest; and we should also expect large quantities of United States bonds to be thrown upon the market so as to break down prices. But there are no such symptoms of stringency. Evidently the money market is easy, and Government bonds are so steady that, if we confined our attention to them, we should never suspect that the Stock Exchange was agitated. Of course there is apprehension in the money market. In the nature of things there must be, and a study of last Saturday's returns of the New York Clearing-house banks affords the evidence of it which we were prepared to find. But there is nothing of that panic which with ourselves, for example, would send the Bank of England rate up to 9 per cent.

As to a person standing on the seashore the tide seems to recede after every advancing wave, there are in all great social movements rebounds, during which, to the casual observer, the ground previously gained appears to be lost. There is no such thing in human affairs as continuous, unbroken progress, and, least of all, in commercial and financial matters. When a long period of depression is coming to an end, those who are exceptionally well placed to note the first stirrings of re-awakening activity, and whose experience and quickness of observation qualify them to read the significance of facts that escape the uninitiated, begin to buy the commodities and securities which they foresee will soon be in general demand; a larger number, who have confidence in the judgment of the former, follow suit, and there is a sudden rise of prices, to the surprise of the ordinary public. Stories get afloat of fortunes made in a short time, and multitudes rush in, hoping to grow rich without toil and without the tact, study, and experience that would carry them safely through the ventures they have embarked upon. Then comes the time for the far-seeing to sell. Just as exceptional information and rare intelligence led them to feel the coming rise, so, by a kind of instinct, they recognize when it has gone far enough. And when they begin to sell, their imitators, as before, follow their example. To borrow the slang of the Stock Exchange, the consequence is that "more stock than they can carry is left in the hands of weak speculators." In other words, the men of special information, sound judgment, wealth, and high credit gradually rid themselves at a profit of their speculative purchases, and there are left an excessive proportion of the rash, the ill-judging, and the poor. It sometimes happens that the general public is taken by the speculative mania, and that thus the movement is protracted and exaggerated beyond all bounds. But usually the speculators go too quick for the public; and then the bankers, who have made advances on the commodities and securities purchased, find that it is time to draw in. The demand for accommodation grows as the sounder speculators withdraw, and the value of money consequently rises. The speculators are at length forced to sell, and the markets droop. In the United States a variety of circumstances have helped to enhance the value of money. The general prosperity, the immense crops of grain and cotton to be exported, the increase of employment, and the upward movement of wages and prices required a great enlargement of the currency, and as the Treasury notes are limited by law, and the bank-notes are practically limited by the conditions under which they are issued, the increase could

come only by an addition to the metallic currency. All through the spring, therefore, money was excessively dear and scarce, and in New York, the commercial capital of the country and its banking centre, the scarcity and dearness were aggravated by an unwise attempt to exclude the competition of foreign bankers. The speculators after a while began to discover that the rate of interest charged them was so heavy as to make it highly improbable that they could gain, however the market might go, and many of them sold. The fall in prices thus induced caused further sales, and as the downward movement continued anxiety grew into alarm. The moment was now favourable for the more unscrupulous speculators, and they proceeded by devices in which they are skilled to depress prices still more. If "the railway kings" did not join in the "raid," they at least did nothing to counteract it, and it was a subject of general comment in New York that the stocks in which Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Vanderbilt, and others are interested fell day after day without the usual purchases by these gentlemen and their friends to sustain the market. At last, after more than a fortnight of these tactics, the suspension of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company was announced at the end of last week. Coming upon a market already broken down, this suspension caused a regular scare, which has not yet subsided, and whose effects, as we have already remarked, have made themselves seriously felt in Europe.

The Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company has been in existence since 1842; and, as it serves an old-settled industrial district, it was long a prosperous concern, and paid high dividends. The railway was built to open up the anthracite coal region of Eastern Pennsylvania, which previously was dependent for the conveyance of its commodities upon canals liable to be frozen in winter, the very season when coal is in most demand. And the line is still a mineral one, though it has also a considerable oil and passenger traffic. As long as it confined itself to its proper business it prospered; but, as competition increased, it endeavoured to protect itself by extending its operations. In the first place, it amalgamated with itself, by purchase or lease and by guarantee of debts, a large number of smaller lines; and, as so often has been found to be the case in this country, the advantages obtained frequently did not make up for the liabilities incurred. But the great mistake was committed ten years ago, when the Company proceeded to buy vast properties for the purpose of working iron and coal mines. In other words, in the hope of defeating competition, it subordinated its proper functions as a carrier to its interests as a coal and iron owner. The result could not be doubtful. It did not manage the coal and iron properties in its own name, but set up a fictitious entity known as the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company. But as the Railway Company owns all the shares of the Iron and Coal Company, we need not say that in fact the shares have never been subscribed, and have no existence distinct from those of the Railway Company. Moreover, the lands have never really been paid for, the purchase-money consisting of bonds given by the Railway Company, secured by mortgage executed in favour of the vendors. For five years after this transaction the Company went on paying high dividends, but this came to an end in January 1876, since which time the shareholders have received nothing. Matters went from bad to worse. Part of the interest on the debt was paid in paper, then the wages of the Company's servants fell into arrear, and were covered by the issue of "deficiency certificates," and finally the floating debt grew to an embarrassing magnitude. A large proportion of both shares and bonds was held in this country, and as the holders got alarmed, the President of the Company came over to reassure them, and to a certain extent he succeeded. The revival of trade encouraged the hope that the worst was passed, and that with the strong demand for iron that grew up the Company would once more see prosperous days. The hope was flattered by the report issued by the Directors in January last, which held out the prospect of an immediate and extraordinary improvement. How baseless the hope was in reality is now proved by the result. But, in truth, the report itself contained evidence which ought to have warned those concerned that the Directors' estimates were grossly extravagant. The fact is that, in spite of the purchase of the coal and iron lands—in spite, too, of a considerable increase of the mileage worked, and of an augmentation of the oil traffic—the total earnings of the Company have increased but little during the last ten years. No doubt, the depression existing since 1873 must be allowed for, and its influence in keeping down the price of coal as well as in checking the growth of business generally. But, on the other hand, it is to be borne in mind that the dearth of anthracite coal restricts its consumption, and that the bituminous coal of Western Pennsylvania is in consequence used for many purposes for which the anthracite is more suitable. But however this may be, there is no doubt that the railway is still a valuable property, and may be made very much more so by good management. To secure good management with reorganization ought now to be the object of its owners and creditors.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—IV.

THE notice of the Royal Academy exhibition given in these columns last week stopped at the fourth gallery. The fifth room contains two battle-pieces, both dealing with the same period, to which reference has already been made—Mr. Wood-

ville's "Blenheim" (453), and Mr. Crofts's "Marlborough after the Battle of Ramilies" (459). To our thinking, the former of these is far the better work, in its spirited intention and execution and in technical qualities. The figure of the Duke, which must be the centre of attraction in both works, has a fine character and a commanding aspect in Mr. Woodville's which Mr. Crofts misses. Mr. Crofts's work has further a distressingly smooth and clean aspect. It is carefully composed and painted; but it fails to give the suggestion of the passion and turmoil of battle which Mr. Woodville has succeeded in catching; or, in other words, Mr. Woodville's picture, while not inferior to the other on the ground of skill in drawing and painting, has a quality of life which Mr. Crofts has not given to his work. This room contains several clever landscapes, among which we may mention one by Mr. Bolton Jones (449), painted somewhat in the manner of Mr. Parton, who seems to have set a distinct fashion by his success of last year, "A Nook in Nature's Garden" (460), by Mr. Aumonier; "Littlehampton" (487), a very clever and true evening effect, by Mr. C. W. Wyllie, and "The Turn of the Tide, Sloughden" (494), by Mr. James W. Smith, the pleasant feeling of which atones for certain technical faults. Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Woodland Stream" (472) is a fine and straightforward rendering of a simple and beautiful English landscape. There is no striving after prettiness or effect; the painter gives us what he saw in a very attractive form. Mr. Colin Hunter has in this room a picture, "The Silver of the Sea" (506), which we cannot think at all worthy of his reputation or of the talent which he elsewhere displays. The picture depends for its success, in the first place, upon the painting of the water, which appears to be the reverse of true; while the background, carelessly and unhappily dashed in throughout, shows in one place an amazing want of attention. We refer to the solitary sail of a boat which seems to be literally seen through the hillside at the extreme back. The line of this hillside traverses the sail which is supposed to be seen far in front of it. Mr. Hunter's strange want of care in this picture does not speak hopefully for the future of a painter who at one time seemed full of promise. We return with pleasure from this to Mr. Herkomer's "God's Shrine" (468), which we have no hesitation in describing as the finest landscape of the year. Its truth and its splendid effect go hand in hand. The grand solitude of the view, broken by no living figure, the sweep of the clouds rolling before the evening wind along the mountain ridge, the white moon standing out against a cloud which holds the last fine tints of sunset—in short, the breadth, the accuracy, and the poetic feeling of the whole work combine to produce an effect which no other picture of the kind this year approaches. Two of the most promising of rising artists exhibit pictures in this gallery. Mr. Andrew Gow sends "The Last Days of Edward VI." (490), with a quotation from Mr. Froude's History:—

As to the King's health, sire, it is still the same as I wrote you on the 27th ult. Since then he has been shown at a window at Greenwich, when many saw him; but in such a plight, so weak and wasted, that the people said it was death. This was done because the Commons began to murmur and to say that he was dead.—Letter of Ambassador Scheyful to Charles V.

The composition of Mr. Gow's picture is decidedly fine, and the figure of the young King, whose drooping and deathlike hand a greyhound is licking, has true pathos. The painting seems to us to miss the strength and solidity observed heretofore in Mr. Gow's work. Mr. John Collier exhibits "Mrs. Mortimer Collier and Children" (455), a work of which the details are more satisfactory than the general composition. The painting is throughout strong and good, and is perhaps at its best in some of the things which seem to us least well put together. The attention is distracted from the principal figure by the care and skill given to such surrounding objects as a cabinet with glass doors on the spectator's left, and a table encrusted with mother-of-pearl on his right. While, as we have said, the painter's skill is seen in each individual piece of texture or furniture, the whole scheme of colour does not strike us as fortunate. There was surely no necessity for the cold grey which, seen at the back of the yellow sofa on which there rests a fine mass of golden hair, seems to accentuate a certain incongruity of colour. However unsatisfactory or unattractive the picture may seem as a whole, its separate parts show that Mr. Collier's command of the technical side of his art is increasing.

In the sixth gallery the most remarkable work is M. Van Haanen's "Pearl-Stringers in Venice" (579). It would not be easy to praise too highly the life and movement, the grace of composition, and the fine colour of this picture. Besides this M. Van Haanen's painting is technically of the highest quality. His paint is laid on, when occasion demands, boldly and freely, but without a touch of the slap-dash method which too often apes breadth of effect; and some singularly fine and delicate touches are found where the painter's artistic sense has shown him that they are demanded. This room, like the one just noticed, has several landscapes of merit. There is much grandeur in the angry sky, the reeds bending beneath the swelling wind, and the rushing water in Mr. Keeley Halswelle's river-scene (522); but there is an unlucky want of transparency in the water which occupies the immediate foreground. Mr. Frank Walton's "Down in the Reeds by the River" (529) is as effective as it is truthful, and Mr. Hennessy's "Summer Days" (555) has much grace and tenderness. Mr. Watson Nicol sends a very clever *genre* picture, "A Night-cap" (543), and Mr. Claude Calthrop exhibits a very well painted

picture, "Parted, 1793," the nature of which can be guessed from its title. The dramatic feeling of the work is perhaps inferior to its technical skill, which is considerable. Mr. Thomas Graham's "Passing Salute" (574), a boat leaving or passing a lonely lighthouse, the occupant of which interchanges greetings with the boat's crew, has fine qualities which ought to have insured it a better place than it has.

In the seventh room hangs Mr. Prinsep's large picture to which we have already referred (625). With this it might not be difficult to find certain faults; but, even if they were not outweighed as they are by the merits of the work, it would be ungracious to pick holes in the execution of an extraordinarily difficult task, which Mr. Prinsep has, it seems to us, discharged with very remarkable strength and skill. One of the finest subject pictures in this gallery, and also one of the finest in the whole exhibition, is M. Munkacsy's "The Two Families" (650). The subject is of the simplest kind, and has been treated with consummate feeling and science. Another remarkable picture is Mr. W. Logsdail's "Vischafslag op de Vischmarkt te Antwerpen" (662), the truth and strength of which make one hope much from its painter. The President exhibits two pictures, one of which, "Crenais" (655), a girl's figure, one longitudinal half of which is shrouded in light drapery, is extraordinarily beautiful. The unconscious grace of the figure and the loveliness of the painting are in accord with the original and charming idea of the picture. Sir F. Leighton's other picture in this room, "Pamathe" (614), is less happy on account of the odd drawing of one of the shoulders. But for this the figure is full of grace and tenderness. Next to this hangs "The Ebb-Tide on the Bar" (613), by Mr. Walter Shaw. This is the picture to which we referred last week in connexion with Mr. Brett's fine sea-piece. With the water in Mr. Shaw's work not one fault, so far as we can see, can be found. The sky is more open to criticism. Its unnatural sameness of tone gives it a flat look. But the picture is a striking work, full of performance, and fuller still of promise.

The Lecture-Room contains two pictures which bear the title of "Daphne." Of one of these it is not necessary to say anything. Of the other, which is numbered 1046, and is painted by Mr. G. A. Storey, it is as necessary, as it is unpleasant, to say something. We called attention last week to a charming picture by Mr. Storey in another room. Why he should also have exhibited this monstrous production it is impossible to conceive. On first seeing it, a name which two years was in the mouth of most visitors to the Academy rises to one's lips. One looks at the Catalogue and finds that the astounding "Daphne" is the work, not of an Academician whose hand may naturally have lost its cunning, but of a rising Associate. One then debates whether the pose, the drawing, or the colouring of this amazing work, which is hung, as if in irony, upon the line, is most atrocious. The question is one which no amount of reflection can decide. Among the landscapes in this room, far the best is Mr. H. Moore's "The Beached Margent of the Sea" (973). In this, with an exhilarating sense of open air, there is a splendid glow cast over a roughened sea which catches the sunset's glory. Another sea-picture in this room, Mr. C. Napier Henry's "With Wind and Tide" (955), is admirable in its drawing, colour, and movement.

The tenth gallery is not rich in pictures of striking interest, though it contains many works of more than average merit. Mr. Herkomer's "Wind-Swept" (1460) commands attention by the same qualities of grandeur, freedom, and solemnity which mark the landscape which we have already noticed from the same hand in another room. Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Benedicite" (1473) is a remarkably fine and delicate piece of work which gives welcome evidence that in Mr. Dicksee's case success has not produced a touch of carelessness. Mr. Leader, in whom success certainly has produced a monotonous carelessness, sends two highly artificial and, according to his method, conventional pictures, one of which, "A Gleam in the Storm" (1480), with its lime-light effect on canvas-rocks, is little short of ridiculous.

In leaving this year's oil-paintings at the Academy it seems desirable to call attention once again to some of the faults of mismanagement which have grown up in and around a yet respected institution. We have said that the hanging this year is better than it has been of late; but, under the present conditions, no hanging can be satisfactory. The number of pictures sent in, whether by Academicians, Associates, or mere painters, ought to be curtailed; and it is surely not impossible to provide against the ridiculous rule which allows Academicians to hold themselves up to public contempt by the exhibition of pictures which cannot be rejected. At present the regulations of the Academy are certainly more worthy of blame than are the persons who have the ungrateful task of carrying them out.

THE DERBY.

IN spite of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's lecturing, there was a large assemblage of members of both Houses of Parliament at Epsom on Wednesday last. The excellent baronet had preached a beautiful sermon in the House of Commons the night before upon the iniquities of racing, which he described as "an organized system of rascality and roguery from beginning to end," and he gave out that his idea of the pleasures of the turf consists in "sitting on a stand in a cloud of dust, surrounded by a crowd of bawling blackguards, to

see a score of horses gallop past at the top of their speed." After his eloquent and edifying homily, it must have been mortifying to the speaker to be scoffed at by a wicked man who not only shamelessly owned that he had just returned from the scene of sin and wickedness which the preacher had been denouncing, but actually had the effrontery to quote the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* in order to prove that more than half the horses which were going to run for the Derby belonged to distinguished members of the Liberal party.

Many people who care little, if at all, for racing, have taken an interest in the Derby of this year. A great Duke, in whose family racing is a tradition, owned the leading favourite. Fond as many Englishmen are of betting, the general feeling among the respectable classes throughout the country is against it; yet at the same time most of our fellow-countrymen, however strait-laced, feel more or less pride in the national sport of horse-racing. When, therefore, a nobleman who cares nothing for betting or gambling races for the simple love of the sport, he is certain to meet with a large amount of public sympathy. It was well known that the Duke of Westminster had given very large sums for race-horses during the early part of his racing career, with but little success, and yet he had persevered with great spirit. Last year he owned several two-year-olds of exceptional merit, and there now seemed to be every prospect of his winning the Derby. The fact of the Duke's father having owned the famous Touchstone gave him, in public opinion, a sort of hereditary right to success upon the Turf; and thus, all things taken together, he became quite a popular hero among those who take any notice of racing affairs. His principal champion for the Derby, Bend Or, was a bright chestnut colt, with a remarkably light mane and tail. He is by Doncaster, and as a two-year-old he had run five times without getting beaten. He had beaten ten horses in his first race in a canter, thereby earning 1,130*l.* for his owner. In his next race he had beaten seven opponents and won over 1,700*l.*, and in his third race he had picked up 1,340*l.* and beaten eight other horses. In his next race he only won 831*l.*, but he beat a large field; and in his last race he had taken 567*l.* and again a good field was behind him. Reason as they might, racing men had no right on public form to come to any other conclusion than that Bend Or had the best claim to the position of favourite of all the horses entered for the Derby, and as he was the property of an extremely popular Duke, the horse necessarily became a great favourite in something more than the gambling sense of the word. No secret was made about his trials, and the owners of other Derby favourites were invited to see him take his gallops. But Bend Or was not the Duke of Westminster's only representative in the Derby. Another chestnut horse, and a half-brother of Bend Or, was also to run in his interest. This was Muncaster, who had only been beaten by a head, after a hard struggle for the Two Thousand Guineas. He had appeared to be winning that race easily, and his sudden defeat had been attributed by the learned in such matters rather to the fact of his never having run in public before than to any cowardice or want of staying power. Although taller, he was not so good-looking as Bend Or; but nevertheless he was a very nice sort of horse to have as a second string, and few men have ever owned a couple of horses on a Derby morning which seemed so likely to win the race between them.

Among the leading favourites was Robert the Devil, who, like Bend Or, had never been beaten as a two-year-old, with this difference, that he only ran twice at that age, whereas Bend Or had run five times. As a three-year-old Robert had come out in the Craven Meeting, and although odds had been laid on him, he had been beaten by a head in the Biennial, over the Rowley Mile by Apollo, to whom he was giving 4 lbs. Apollo is by Kingcraft; he never ran last season, but although he had won both the races for which he started this year, he was considered by judges to be on too small a scale to have much chance of winning the Derby. It was generally believed, too, that speed rather than staying was his forte. One of the most uncertain horses in the race was Mask. After running in and out in an inexplicable manner as a two-year-old, he appeared at Newmarket in the Spring and received a beating from Merry-go-round. Afterwards he ran nowhere for the Two Thousand, and it was naturally supposed that he had lost the form that he had shown last season; yet in the Second Spring Meeting he came out in the Payne Stakes, with 16 to 1 betted against him, and beat Elizabeth, the winner of the One Thousand Guineas, Abbot, who had run third in the Two Thousand, and nine other horses. Racing critics pointed out that Abbot was catching him very quickly at the finish; but Mask was in front when the winning post was passed, which, after all, was the important matter. Many people fancied Valentino, a good-looking horse which had anything but a successful two-year-old career. Another horse which had not distinguished itself as a two-year-old was Ercildoune, whose only performance had been to run nowhere for the Prendergast Stakes. Yet this colt became a favourite. His breeding was excellent, as he was by Rosicrucian out of Anderida. Draycott had won the Nursery Stakes at Goodwood, and Fire King had won the Great Sapling Stakes at Sandown. Pelleas, by Parmesan, had won the only race for which he started last season, and this year also he had won a race. Von der Tann by Vanderdecken won a race last season; but he had run very ingloriously on several occasions.

The day of the Derby was extremely hot, and the ground was

as hard as iron. There was a large crowd in the paddock; but all Peck's horses were saddled in the private grounds of Lord Rosebery, so Bend Or, Muncaster, and Ercildoune were not harassed by a mob of critics until a short time before the race, when they took a few turns round the public saddling-paddock before starting for the course. As the horses cantered past the stand the grand action of the favourite was very noticeable. Nineteen starters went to the post, and after a little delay, they walked abreast for a short distance, and then went away at once without a single false start. As they ran into the straight Robert the Devil was leading, and he soon came clear away from the rest of the field. Bend Or, who had been lying in the ruck of the field, now came forward; but his jockey was hard at work upon him, while the rider of Robert the Devil was sitting quite still, and it seemed as if the last-named horse had the race in hand as they passed the grand stand. The ring men were delighted, as the defeat of Bend Or would have been a mine of wealth to them. They roared with joy as the horses passed the post, for it seemed from the common betting ring as if Robert the Devil had won; but their rejoicing suddenly fell flat when they saw Bend Or's number put up first, and Robert the Devil's second. The fact was that within a short distance of the winning-post Bend Or had rushed up to Robert the Devil like a flash of lightning, and had just succeeded in securing the race by a head. He is a remarkably handsome horse. His very walk is perfection, and his gallop is worth going a long way to see. His arched neck and blood-like points, too, add much to his good looks; but he seems a little light, and it can scarcely be said that he has a very wear-and-tear appearance. His jockey, Archer, had been severely bitten by a savage horse in the spring, and there had been some doubt whether he would be able to ride in the Derby; but he got well in time, with some days to spare, and he had ridden four horses to victory on the day before the Derby. In the latter race he wore a small shield, with a *bend* or across it, on the left side of his yellow satin racing-jacket. Robert the Devil, who ran second, is a very handsome dark bay horse, but he is rather light and narrow, and he is somewhat deficient in muscle. Mask, who was third, is not on a large scale, and he has an indifferent middle piece; but he has a good forehead, and his hips are remarkably muscular. The state of the ground was particularly well suited to lightly-framed horses, such as Bend Or and Robert the Devil. We could not help wondering what the result of the race would have been if the course had been ankle-deep in mud, as it was last year.

A notice of the Derby of this year would be incomplete without mention of the catastrophe which befell Beadesert, the winner of the Middle Park Plate. Although he had not been placed for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, this colt started first favourite for the Middle Park Plate, and he won the race by half a length, beating a field of seventeen horses. He was purchased last autumn for 7,000 guineas, with a view of winning the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby of this year, for the first of which races, as we pointed out in a former article, he was disqualified through the death of Lord Anglesey. It was considered a great piece of good fortune that he had been entered for the Derby in Mr. Brown's name, instead of in that of Lord Anglesey, and he became one of the leading favourites for that race. So late as the 10th of May Bend Or was first favourite at 4 to 1, and Beadesert was second favourite at 5 to 1. There had been reports in circulation for some months that Beadesert had got what is technically called a bowed sinew on one of his fore legs, and that he wore plasters and a bandage. On the other hand, it was said that he had had this malformation as a yearling, while some said he had been foaled with it. His backers were comforted with the assurance that his leg had been at any rate in the same condition when he was purchased last autumn for such an immense sum of money, and that he had then been passed sound by an eminent veterinary surgeon. He was reported to be going on admirably with his preparation for the Derby, when suddenly the news came that he was lame. It seems that, after a gallop with some other horses in the same stable, the colt was pulled up lame, and that all hope of his starting was at an end. There appears to be a fate against winners of the Middle Park Plate winning the Derby. The Middle Park Plate was instituted with the idea that it was to be *par excellence* the great trial of two-year-olds, and that the winners would in all probability secure the great three-year-old races of the following year, especially the Derby. What has been the fact? Instead of proving a guide to the Derby, during the fourteen years that the race has been in existence not one of its winners has afterwards won the Derby, although they have occasionally won the Two Thousand or St. Leger. Several have turned out screws as three-year-olds, notably Green Sleeves, Beauclerc, and Beadesert. The question presents itself whether such a two-year-old race as the Middle Park Plate is desirable. As it is very valuable, and great prestige is attached to winning it, two-year-olds are trained for it up to a point which is very trying to such young animals. It is often a very severe race, and it is far from impossible that, instead of the winner being likely to take the Derby in the following year, his training for the Middle Park Plate and his hard race for it may be the actual cause of preventing him from winning the greatest prize of the British Turf.

REVIEWS.

SAYCE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.*

THE rapid rate at which philological research and speculation are pushed on is certainly surprising, and to some persons may perhaps be not altogether pleasant. Many who are not yet far advanced in age were subjected to a teaching which in language was as thoroughly empirical as that of Greek boys in the days of Aristotle. In this comparatively short interval the scientific method has worked a wonderful change, and it now threatens to sweep away not a few conclusions which have been regarded of late years as solid and well-established, and in many points to reverse the notions formed as to the processes by which the origin and growth of language were brought about. This purpose of radical reform is put forth by Mr. Sayce with startling clearness. His volumes will certainly introduce the reader to the science with very sufficient completeness, but they can scarcely fail to leave him with some iconoclastic inclinations, which may for a time at least be but poorly gratified. We are not tempted, however, to turn aside from theories or suggestions merely because we dislike the consequences involved in them; and if we regret the recommendation of some changes of doubtful advantage, and of others which seem impracticable, we are ready to welcome, if it be forthcoming, evidence which may conclusively show that ideas entertained even by the greatest philological scholars and thinkers must be given up. The progress of science can be stayed for no man; and we may be very sure that the discovery of truth will more than make amends for any sacrifices demanded of us. But we have first of all to take care that the truth is really discovered; and we are at least justified in reserving our judgment, if we find that the adoption of a given method is followed by the invasion of a province which seems to lie beyond the range of the science in question. We may read patiently the evidence or the arguments which are to prove that the human faculty of speech lies chiefly in some folds in the left hemisphere of the brain, or to show that from the *homo alalus*, or speechless man, branched off, according to the favouring or unfavourable circumstances of their condition, the several tribes of gorillas, chimpanzees, and orang-utangs on the one side, and the ancestors of articulate human speakers on the other. But the theories of the best-known philologists have of late years been so rudely shaken, and many of them are so roughly dealt with by Mr. Sayce, that we may prefer to wait and see whether some of the notions recently put forward may not, in their turn, be thrown aside. Meanwhile we may fairly decline to admit that any researches into the physical organs of speech or into the storehouses of either living or dead dialects can touch that spiritual order of things to which man belongs as much as he belongs to the sensible world, or in any way affect interests of infinitely greater moment than those by which he is here surrounded.

The work of pioneers in a new science must, in almost all instances, be of necessity destructive at the outset. There is perhaps no science which has not suffered at first from the intrusion of men who are content to guess at haphazard, or whose honest efforts to get at the truth have been thwarted and frustrated by the circumstances under which they were compelled to work. The ordinary systems of grammar which have come down to us through the middle ages are an inheritance which must be traced back to men who had no other materials to work on than those which were provided by their own language; and the evils of which this unfortunate necessity has been the fruitful source are most carefully and forcibly exhibited by Mr. Sayce. Others, indeed, have not been blind to their disastrous consequences; but the English student who follows Mr. Sayce's guidance will see at once how powerless Greek thought necessarily was towards building up anything like a real science of language. The Greek analysed the forms of his own speech, but he did so logically, for, in truth, he could know nothing of linguistic laws; and all his attempts to lay the foundation of a scientific etymology could issue only in the multiplication of guesses, of which the few that chanced to hit the mark had no value, while the rest were either contemptible or ludicrous. Of the duty of comparing dialects and of the results which might be expected from the process he was profoundly unconscious; and Plato, when he noticed the resemblance of certain Greek to certain Phrygian words, did so, as Mr. Sayce remarks, only to draw from it a wrong conclusion. Instead of comparing the grammatical structure and forms of the two languages, he simply assumed that the Greek had borrowed these words from the Phrygian; and the subsequent conquests of Alexander, by convincing later generations of their immeasurable superiority to barbarians, had the effect of confining philological research to that one-sided and therefore erroneous exposition of the grammar of a single language which, as Mr. Sayce justly says, has been the bane of classical philology down to our own time. It would be easy to fill volumes with the absurdities which have cropped up from this fatal method. We may laugh at Junius when he tells us that *so* is merely the Greek *es* reversed, and that *sin* is derived from *sin*; we may be irritated as well as amused by Scaliger's assertion that the Latin *ordo* means "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," the Tribune saying to his

soldiers, "*ὅσον δὴ, inde ordo.*" The truth is that the system and all its results were utterly worthless; and the explanations of Voss, Wachter, and others who have followed them, are not one whit more valuable and certainly are less amusing than those which Durandus of Mende sprinkled over his ponderous treatise on Symbolism. We may forgive the mediæval bishop who innocently remarks that *cemetery* is made up of *cimen*, sweet, and *sterion*, a station, because there the bodies of the faithful departed rest in peace; but we are tempted to be angry when we are informed that the word *cause* is either from *chaos*, from which all things have come, or from *καὶ οὐκ*, or a *cavendo*, or a *casu*. Mr. Sayce notices some recent volumes which would, he says, raise the envy of a Latin etymologist; but the same harvest of folly must continue to spring up so long as men go on without caring to determine the relations of one language to another by any other measure than that of their own inclinations or prepossessions.

Side by side with this useless guesswork went on the growth of grammatical science; which, following really the method of logic, led to the theory of a grammar which should be universal. But even here the ignorance of the real links and relationships of dialects worked nothing but mischief. The grammatical terminology of the Greek was translated, as it was supposed, into Latin; but the process imparted to it a very different meaning. The Greek *γενική*, or case of the genus, was converted into the Latin genitive, or case of origin; and the accusative, or case of accusing, was far from representing the Greek *αιτιατική*, the case of the *aitia*, or object, which was blunderingly referred to the verb *αιτιόωμαι*, in the sense of blaming. Strangely enough, grammar was following a different course in the distant land which has furnished to Western thought the means for laying the foundations of a true philology. The Hindu grammarians were, like the Greek, able to deal only with the phenomena of a single language; but their grammatical system and nomenclature rest, Mr. Sayce remarks, on a firm foundation of inductive reasoning, and show a scientific insight into the nature of speech which has never been surpassed. This system was worked out most fully in the grammar of Pāṇini, which, put together in the age of Sokrates and Plato, summed up

the principles of Sanskrit phonology, the declension of the noun and the conjugation of the verb, the syntax of the adverb and the other particles, the rules of syntax . . . the etymology of words, with an exhaustive list of primary and secondary formative suffixes, and a minute analysis of composition which has been the basis of modern attempts to deal with this intricate subject.

The language on which Pāṇini worked was destined to show to the nations of the Western World the relation of their dialects to those of the dwellers in the Punjab. The first grammar of Sanskrit was published in Europe by two German friars in 1790; but more than twenty years before that time the French Academy had been assured by correspondents in Pondicherry that between the vocabularies of Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin a relationship existed which could not be accounted for by the hypothesis of borrowing. Knowing nothing of the researches of these Frenchmen, Sir William Jones stated before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta in 1786, that "no philologist could examine the Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin without believing them to have sprung from some common source which, perhaps, no longer exists." Here, then, as Mr. Sayce remarks, the great discovery was made; and it was made with a sagacity which must excite our admiration. Not only was the prejudice to be overcome that Greek and Latin could have no affinity with the speech of Asiatics, but there was the temptation, if that prejudice were conquered, to rush to the opposite extreme, and to speak of the Eastern tongue as the parent of the cognate dialects of the West. The contrast between Sir W. Jones and Dugald Stewart, who insisted that Sanskrit and Sanskrit literature were forged by the Brahmans in order to deceive European scholars, is striking indeed. The work thus begun was carried on with increasing zeal and success, until it was crowned by the appearance of Bopp's *Comparative Grammar* of the most important Aryan languages. Of this great achievement Mr. Sayce says that, though much in it has since needed revision, "the main results at which he arrived will always remain among the fundamental truths of linguistic science." Unfortunately Bopp, who had gauged the relationship of the Aryan dialects of Europe with the most scientific precision, had not determined with equal accuracy the relations of the Aryan with other families of speech. Hence he felt himself justified in making use of the Polynesian dialects for purposes of comparison with those of his Indo-European family; and the result was what might have been expected from a return to the method of the Greek etymologists. But even now it can scarcely be said that we are all delivered from the house of bondage. Not many years ago we had looked upon ourselves as fairly emancipated when we had come to the conclusion that all the languages of the world might be classified under the three families known as the Aryan, the Semitic, and the Turanian; and some of us may have gone on quietly to the further idea, that all dialects were in the first stage monosyllabic, and that through the agglutinative stage they passed into the inflexional. But to lump all non-Aryan and non-Semitic languages under the common heading Turanian or Allophylan is, Mr. Sayce very rightly insists, "as unscientific as to refer Aryan and Semitic to one ancestor." The number of separate families, not merely branches, of speech now existing in the world, which cannot be connected with one another, is, he remarks, at least seventy-five; and these are but the scanty survivors of multitudes which have died out altogether—the *débris* of that enor-

* *Introduction to the Science of Language.* By A. H. Sayce, Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

mous mass of human speech which, as M. Bréal has sought to show, was overloaded with its wealth of synonyms and its embarrassing superfluity of prefixes and suffixes. Thus Mr. Sayce does not hesitate to speak of the "infinite number of primeval centres or communities in which language took its rise." "The idioms of mankind," he adds, "have had many independent starting points, and like the Golden Age, which science has shifted from the past to the future, the dream of a universal language must be realized, if at all, not in the Paradise of Genesis, but in the unifying tendencies of civilization and trade."

In short, if this consummation is ever to be brought about, it must, Mr. Sayce thinks, be brought about by the process which will end in making English the language of the world. But before any such result can be hoped for, there is need, it seems, of a radical reformation. The shreds of inflexion which the language still retains must, we learn, be thrown aside; the signs of gender probably must be got rid of; and whatever other changes may be needed to reduce the language to the "Pigeon English" of which Mr. Simpson has given us some amusing specimens must be effected cheerfully and ungrudgingly. Of these changes, one of the most urgent, we are told, is the reform of the English alphabet. With attempts to accomplish this work by the method adopted in the *Phonetic News* and other like publications he will have nothing to do, for such devices "would become an antiquated abuse in the course of a generation or two." What is needed is a series of supplementary letters, possibly an entirely new alphabet. At any rate, the alphabet must be international—that is, the symbols of the vowels must possess "the phonetic powers which they had in the ancient Latin alphabet, and, generally speaking, in the modern Continental alphabets as well." With the historical considerations which have been urged against this revolution or reform, Mr. Sayce deals summarily. Archbishop Trench has pleaded with no little eloquence and earnestness against a process which would, in his belief, obliterate in great part the history of a vast number of words in our vocabulary. But such objections, we are quietly told, are "raised only by ignorance or superficiality." That the questions thus raised involve nevertheless points of real difficulty few will be disposed to deny; and some at least of Mr. Sayce's readers will feel that his suggestions as to the right method of teaching ancient and modern languages and the order in which they should be taught cannot be easily carried out under existing conditions. For ourselves, we need only say that we reserve our judgment on some points, while on others we must decline altogether to follow him. Of the goal which he is striving after we are left in no doubt; but we do not share his enthusiasm, and we are inclined to think that the Pigeon English of his distant future may be as disappointing as apples of the Dead Sea. It is but a truism to say that the patience and the time needed for the accomplishment of the work which Mr. Sayce regards as the only legitimate object of all philological efforts are not in themselves a conclusive argument for abandoning the attempt in despair; but it is, to say the least, rash to shut our eyes in the meantime to the obstacles which stand in the way, or to the serious errors into which, through a mistaken zeal, Mr. Sayce may lead his followers.

SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES.*

SHOULD a poet write for a little company of learned amateurs, or for the great public? Probably a poet has a right to do both, or either, when and as he pleases. If he chooses, however, to confine himself to such works as can only find hearers that are "few," whether they are "fit" or not, he must be satisfied with the applause of a very narrow circle, and resigned to the chance of losing his own breadth of vision. It seems scarcely possible to us that Mr. Swinburne's new book will prove anything more than poetical caviare. Like caviare, it has a salt, sea taste; it savours of what Plato calls "the bitter, brackish element," and it can only be much relished, we fear, by professional tasters of poetry. Some critics seem convinced that the "subject" of a poem is a matter of entire indifference. So far they are like Mr. Du Maurier's elegant young art-critic, who, being colour-blind, and ignorant of drawing, despised "subject" even more than drawing and colour. It is perhaps true, for a critical few, that a poet may as well sing of a sausage stick as of the spheres, and may write as well of the Loves of the Triangles as of the love of Othello. But the great, gross public will always be more concerned about Othello's jealousy than about that of the mathematical nymph who loved Isosceles:—

Again she doubts him, but produced at will
She sees the exterior angles equal still.

Mr. Swinburne has not chosen subjects quite so empty of human interest as the passions of mathematical abstractions. The subjects he has chosen, while they are almost hackneyed in his works, are little more to the public than the player was to Hecuba. In the four odes in the volume called the *Springtides*, he writes about the sea and his passion for the sea, about Sappho and his passion for Sappho, about Victor Hugo and his passion for Victor Hugo. On all these topics Mr. Swinburne has already composed abundant and admirable verse. He is, much more truly than Euripides, "a meteoric poet." What charmed and surprised most in his truly splendid poem of *Atalanta* was his love of the blind powers and vast forces of the world, "the folds and fields of air,"

thunder, fire, the sea, the tempest. "Men hardly know how beautiful fire is," says Shelley; and we scarcely knew how beautiful are the terrible elementary forces of the world till Mr. Swinburne sang their praise in strains of immense variety and vigour. A sonorous music as it were of chainless winds, and out-poured waters, and starry movements rang in the choruses of *Atalanta* round the narrow stage on which men and women were mastered by destiny. Perhaps the choruses in *Erechtheus*, especially that chorus in which the clash of tides and chariots, of white horses and white-crested waves, seems to sound with a mingled music, was the masterpiece of Mr. Swinburne's "meteoric" genius. In *Atalanta* and in *Erechtheus*, the elemental strife was merely a chorus, and the poignant cry of human passion was clearly heard through the din of storm and sea. But in this new volume, in "Thalassius" and "On the Cliffs," we cannot but think that the intenser interest is stifled and the shriller voice drowned by verse somewhat empty, if extremely sonorous, by songs, to quote Callimachus, *ὄρα πόρτος αἰδεῖται*—songs vast, loud, and empty of significance as the sound of the sea. This is one of the reasons which lead us to suppose that Mr. Swinburne's new volume, repeating as it does only the less human triumph of his old successes, is likely to please few but technical lovers of verse. The wider public will always want more of "a story," and, in the last resort, the wider public (not that of Tupper, but that of Tennyson, Byron, and Wordsworth), seems the arbiter of the fate of song. It may be added that the obscurity of Mr. Swinburne's allusions to the remains of Æschylus and of Sappho makes much of his poem "On the Cliffs" unintelligible to that excellent creature, "the English reader." Again, the rapidity of Mr. Swinburne's thought is so great, and the length of his periods so prodigious, that, in reading one of his strophes, a man feels like a puzzled whist-player. Just as the whist-player cannot remember what cards are out, and who held what, so Mr. Swinburne's reader casts helplessly about for verbs and substantives. Here, for example, is a stanza which is rather harder reading than most sentences in *Thucydides*:—

Seeing even the hoariest ash-flake that the pyre
Drops, and forgets the thing was once afire
And gave its heart to feed the pile's full flame
Till its own heart its own heat overcame,
Outlives its own life, though by scarce a span,
As such men dying outlive themselves in man,
Outlive themselves for ever; if the heat
Outburn the heart that kindled it, the sweet
Outlast the flower whose soul it was, and flit
Forth of the body of it
Into some new shape of a strange perfume
More potent than its light live spirit of bloom,
How shall not something of that soul relieve,
That only soul that had such gifts to give
As lighten something even of all men's doom
Even from the labouring womb
Even to the seal set on the unopening tomb?

We say, with some natural pride, that we have puzzled out what Mr. Swinburne means by this effusion, and his meaning does equal credit to his head and his heart. But can any one seriously affirm that poetry should be so difficult?

The first piece in the *Springtides* is called "Thalassius." It is the lyrical history of a child who was found, like Arthur, on the seashore after a tempest. The infant was educated by an old poet in the love of liberty and of the sea. He made the acquaintance of Love, who rather abruptly observes,

O fool, my name is sorrow,
Thou fool, my name is death.

Afterwards he appears to have seen a good deal of bad company; at least, if Mr. Swinburne does not mean this, we cannot guess what he does mean. We purposely make a very long extract, as an example of Mr. Swinburne's mode of saying what he has to say:—

And as when all the world of earth was wronged
And all the host of all men driven afoam
By the red hand of Rome,
Round some fierce amphitheatre overthronged
With fair clear faces full of bloodier lust
Than swells and stings the tiger when his mood
Is fieriest after blood
And drunk with trampling of the murderous must
That soaks and stains the tortuous close-coiled wood
Made monstrous with its myriad-mustering brood,
Face by fair face panted and gleamed and pressed,
And breast by passionate breast
Heaved hot with ravenous rapture, as they quaffed
The red ripe full fume of the deep live draught,
The sharp quick reek of keen fresh bloodshed, blown
Through the dense deep drift up to the emperor's throne
From the under steaming sands
With clamour of all-applausive throats and hands,
Mingling in mirthful time
With shrill blithe mockeries of the lithe-limbed mime:
So from somewhere far forth of the un beholden,
Dreadfully driven from over and after and under,
Fierce, blown through fives of brazen blast and golden,
With sound of chiming waves that drown the thunder
Or thunder that strikes dumb the sea's own chimes,
Began the bellowing of the bull-voiced mimes,
Terrible; first bowed down as briars or palms
Even at the breathless blast as of a breeze
Fulfilled with clamour and clangour and storms of psalms;
Red hands rent up the roots of oldworld trees,
Thick flames of torches tossed as tumbling seas
Made mad the moonless and infuriate air
That, raving, revelled in the riotous hair
And raiment of the furred Bassarides.

* *Songs of the Springtides*. By A. C. Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

So came all those in on him; and his heart,
As out of sleep suddenly struck astart,
Danced, and his flesh took fire of theirs, and grief
Was as a last year's leaf
Blown dead far down the wind's way; and he set
His pale mouth to the brightest mouth it met
That laughed for love against his lips, and bade
Follow.

After these experiences the lad's passion for the sea overcame the lures of the "Basarides,"

He communed with his own heart and had rest."

That is all.

Surely it is not an unfair or captious criticism which sees in "Thalassius" a vast excess of sound over sense, a prodigality of words which do not always so much express as conceal the poet's meaning.

"On the Cliffs" is an ode addressed to the spirit of Sappho, an ode of the most strictly personal meaning. In the fragments of the Lesbian Mr. Swinburne seems to find something more than her other admirers gather; a message for his own ears, a music to the world inaudible:—

As brother and sister were we, child and bird
Since thy first Lesbian word
Flamed on me, and I knew not whence I knew
This was the song that struck my whole soul through,
Pierced my keen spirit of sense with edge more keen,
Even ere I knew not,—even ere sooth was seen,—
When thou wast but the tawny sweet-winged thing,
Whose cry was wab of spring.

We do not think Mr. Swinburne conceited for claiming kindred with Sappho; but let him not forget that a poetaster once addressed him as "My brother, my brother, my strong, sweet brother!"

The "Garden of Cymodoce" is said, by people who seem to have received private information, to be an ode on the island of Sark. M. Victor Hugo once visited Sark; so here we have more addresses to M. Hugo, whom we strongly suspect of being the old poet in "Thalassius." An admiring critic admits that, in the "Garden of Cymodoce," the music dims the eyesight. In a storm of beautiful but whirling words one detects a few curses of Napoleon III. Mr. Swinburne has not yet learned that "it is ill boasting over dead men."

The last piece in the *Spring-tides* is a birthday ode to M. Victor Hugo. Every one of his works is noted and described. For the sake of brevity we select the lines on the novel *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*:—

Above a windier sea,
The glory of Ninety-three
Fills heaven with blood-red and with rose-red beams
That earth beholding grows
Herself one burning rose
Flagrant and fragrant with strange deeds and dreams,
Dreams dyed as love's own flower, and deeds
Stained as with love's own life-blood, that for love's sake bleeds.

Criticism of poetry should be sympathetic, and we confess that we are not in sympathy with Mr. Swinburne's new poems. There are many noble thoughts about freedom, about M. Hugo, about the sea, and there is a bewildering opulence of diction. It is natural, in reviewing a poet who has often given the highest pleasure, to wish to be pleased. Perhaps, too, it is well to be contented with whatever work he chooses to offer. But it is no less necessary, though it seems ungrateful, to preserve spontaneity of opinion, the unsophisticated sense of what is good and what is not really excellent. Thus it is necessary to declare that Mr. Swinburne's new poems seem to us prolonged and tedious repetitions of old themes, often obscure and personal in allusion, and almost always clouded with mists of words and noisy with the shock of adjectives. They seem to fill no empty place in the sum of his work, to reveal no new power, nor even any new taste, or observation, or opinion.

MISS COLENSO'S ZULU WAR.*

FROM the preface to this volume it appears that "Colonel Durnford has written the military portions of the book, but is not responsible for any expressions of opinion upon matters strictly political." The definition thus given of the division of labour practised in the composition of this book has a somewhat feminine vagueness. There is scarcely any portion of it which has not something to do with military movements, while the more specially military portions hardly keep clear of politics for a single page. But, wherever the line may have been drawn, we are to infer that the general bias of the book is to be debited to Miss Colenso; and we must say at the outset that her general handling of the subject leaves a strong impression, which we think will be felt by every reader who takes it up without any prejudice, that he is reading a brief drawn up in the interests of one side rather than an impartial narrative. It is difficult to believe that all the European officials who have had to deal with the matters in dispute between the colonists and the Caffres—from the local Administrators who first come upon the scene to the Secretary of State who deals with the ultimate appeal—can have been so blind to the

wrongs of the natives whose case had to be adjudicated on as they are here represented to be. The suspicion of onesidedness which we imbibe from the earlier pages becomes still more confirmed when we arrive at the part which deals with the events leading up to the Zulu war. If one knew nothing more of the case than could be learnt from this book, it might be supposed that Cetewayo was a perfectly inoffensive creature who was set upon by the overbearing English Governor without reason or without warning. There is no mention in the preliminary accounts of the existence of a powerful and well-organized Zulu army, or of the state of excitement prevailing among the native population throughout the adjacent British territory, which was no doubt the main reason why Sir Bartle Frere determined, whether rightly or wrongly, to put down by force of arms what he and many others who had the best means of judging considered to be a great and growing danger. Whether the High Commissioner was justified in so acting without authority from home, or, indeed, as may be said, despite of orders from home, is another matter as to which we all have our opinions. But to ignore the existence of the danger, and to assume that the Zulu King was an entirely blameless and peacefully disposed person, and that the whole fault of the quarrel rested on us, is a view of the case which it does not need much local knowledge to dispose of. Sir Bartle Frere was, no doubt, badly advised by his general in undertaking the war with insufficient means; but his rashness was not so great as might appear from the result. He could not have reasonably expected that the military operations would be so thoroughly mismanaged as they were, and it may be permitted to doubt whether, if the campaign had been carried on with more ability than Lord Chelmsford exhibited, if more care and less rashness had been shown at the outset, and more vigour and less carelessness afterwards, Sir Bartle Frere, with success for his justification, would not have been more leniently judged. But having taken upon himself the whole responsibility of entering on the war, it is no doubt only fair and proper that he should bear the consequences.

As regards the original cause of quarrel, Miss Colenso fairly argues that too much may easily be made of Cetewayo's "solemn coronation promises," as something having the binding effect of a treaty on him. We have no right to treat a Caffre monarch one day as a child—and there appears to have been a good deal of behaviour of that sort in our ceremony of crowning Cetewayo—and then to act as if he were a civilized ruler, bound by the law of nations to observe treaty obligations. There has been too much of this in our dealings with inferior races in all parts of the world. There is not an independent prince in India at this moment with whom we could not find a cause of quarrel if we were so minded, based on an infraction of treaty obligations. For an Indian prince, like a native African chief, will usually be found ready to promise anything. But admitting that, in our dealings with Cetewayo we acted too much as if Grotius were his daily reading, still no useful purpose is gained by assuming that the Zulu King was a perfectly inoffensive creature.

The case of Langelibalele, as told by Miss Colenso, certainly appears a very hard one. This chieftain had been driven out of Zululand in 1848, and was settled by the English Government in the country below the Drakenburg Mountains, with the duty imposed on him of defending Natal against the attacks of predatory bushmen. From this point of view it would seem reasonable that the Hlubi tribe—of which he was chief—should be permitted the use of firearms, prohibited under certain restrictions to the natives of Natal. Nevertheless the special accusation brought against Langelibalele to prove his rebellious tendencies was that the young men of his tribe were in possession of unregistered guns. On Langelibalele being called on to come down to Pietermaritzburg to answer for his tribe in this matter, he sent excuses and apologies, chiefly turning on his own ill-health, as a reason for not complying with the order. This was the signal for the military expedition of 1873. One detachment of the force sent out to coerce him, coming on a party of the tribe in difficult ground where they exhibited a hostile attitude, began to fall back, whereon the enemy pressed forward, and eventually opened a fire resulting in a loss of three Europeans and one native on our side. Of course the British had to go back again afterwards in larger force to settle the matter, and there appears to have ensued a good deal of barbarous warfare; but the case against the English is not strengthened by quoting all the unauthenticated rumours of the day as evidence; as that on one occasion a white commander of native forces "is said to have given the significant information to his men that he did not want to see the faces of any prisoners"; and that "it is reported that a prisoner was made over to the native force to be put to death as the latter chose." Langelibalele was brought down to Natal and there tried by a court which, according to Miss Colenso, was illegally constituted, and of which the proceedings were a mere matter of form to bring about with the semblance of legality a foregone conclusion, and the old chief was sent away to the Cape Colony, where he has been kept ever since, thereby in the lady's view being very badly treated. It is obvious to remark that there is no legally constituted court for dealing with such a case as this—not contemplated or provided for by the constitution—of the misconduct of a Caffre chief who, having been driven out of his own country, is established by us on lands to which our own title is altogether questionable; and that, if the modifications had been made in the procedure which the author thinks ought to have been made, the legality of the trial would not have been thereby enhanced, although it might have been kinder to the chief

* *History of the Zulu War and its Origin.* By Frances E. Colenso. Assisted, in those portions of the work which touch on Military Matters, by Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Durnford. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited, 1880.

to adopt them. But the story, as told by Miss Colenso, makes out the conduct of the British officials connected with the case to have been from first to last so unfair and cruel, not to say inhuman, towards a perfectly inoffensive person, that the reader's judgment is irresistibly held in suspense until he shall have an opportunity of hearing what can be said on the other side.

There is one anecdote connected with this affair of the attack on the Hlubi tribe which deserves to be quoted, as it relates to a very gallant but ill-fated officer, whose name has of late been prominently before the public. Colonel (then Major) Durnford, of the Royal Engineers, who was leading one of the parties of the expedition, had his left shoulder dislocated and received other severe injuries, by his horse falling with him over a precipice. He was lifted on to his horse again and kept command of his force. When the stampede above referred to took place, the interpreter's horse was killed, and, "while Major Durnford was endeavouring to reach the man and lift him on his own horse, the interpreter was killed by his side, and Major Durnford was surrounded and left alone. Dropping his reins, he drew his revolver, and shot his immediate assailants, who had seized his horse's bridle, and, after running the gauntlet of a numerous enemy at close quarters, escaped with one serious wound, an assegai stab in the left arm, whereby it was permanently disabled. He received one or two trifling cuts besides, and his patrol jacket was pierced in many places. Getting clear of the enemy, Major Durnford rallied a few carbineers and the Basutos, and covered the retreat." He got back to camp in the early morning, and on the evening of the same day set off again with a party of volunteers to the rescue of a detachment which had not come back and was believed to be in great danger of being cut off. The doctor endeavoured to dissuade him from taking the command, he was in such bad case. But Durnford insisted on going, and, being lifted on to his horse, started off amid the cheers of the troops in camp, and marching all night came on the party he was in search of in the morning. This anecdote seems worth extracting, as characteristic of an officer who was distinguished as much for his personal gallantry and energy as for his kindly feeling towards the native population of South Africa, and on whom there appears to have been manifested a desire in some quarters to throw a wholly undeserved share of obloquy for the disaster in which he met his death, setting to the last a noble example of courage and devotion to duty.

Of the account of the Zulu war given in this book, and which we are to understand from the preface was contributed by Lieut.-Colonel Edward Durnford, it is not necessary to say much, as it contains absolutely nothing of importance that was not known before. It is conceived in the same spirit as the rest of the work—that is, everything that is done by every white man is wrong. Lord Chelmsford is run down, and Sir Garnet Wolseley sneered at, while the *Cape Times* is quoted with approval as objecting to the form of settlement of the Zulu country which was adopted by the High Commissioner, although it is not explained in what respects it is defective, or what better alternative could have been proposed. We cannot forbear from quoting in conclusion an amusing extract from Lord Chelmsford's reply to an address on leaving Natal, wherein he says that "any success which has attended my efforts, I feel, is due to the prayers of the people and the kindly ordinations of divine Providence, for I am one of those who believe firmly and implicitly in the efficacy of prayer and in the intervention of Providence." It would be interesting to know to which of these two disposing causes the General would ascribe the disaster of Isandula.

MARY ANERLEY.*

MR. BLACKMORE'S latest work is, we are inclined to think, one of his happiest productions. It is full of the fine touches of observation and description, whether of people or of places, that have belonged to most of his novels, and there is a strong dramatic interest to be found in it. In this respect indeed, as in others, there is as much matter in *Mary Anerley* as would make a dozen ordinary novels, and the only possible objection to be made to this is that one would like to hear more than there is room for of many persons and things mentioned by the author. Whether Mr. Blackmore is to be understood seriously when, as on several occasions, he himself regrets that he has not space to relate certain events, or whether this is a permissible device to add reality to a story already real enough, is uncertain; but we are sure that many readers will share our regret that some circumstances in the course of the narrative are merely hinted at instead of being told at full length, in spite of their having no absolute bearing upon the plot of the novel. Mr. Blackmore's choice of place and period in *Mary Anerley* helps at once to accentuate the merits and to veil the shortcomings of his style. Deliberate whimsicalities of expression seem much less out of place in the mouths of the personages to whom the author now introduces us than they have done when he has laid his scene in more modern times, and so compelled us to expect less fantastic conduct from his characters. At the same time, it cannot be denied that in his present work Mr. Blackmore is not infrequently carried away by the humour or brilliancy of his own notions into transferring them to personages who are not eminently likely to have entertained such ideas.

The story proper of *Mary Anerley* opens in the year 1801,

* *Mary Anerley: a Yorkshire Tale.* By E. D. Blackmore, Author of "Alice Lorraine." 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

at Scargate Hall, "in the wildest and most rugged part of the wild and rough North Riding"; the first chapter being practically a prologue, which sets forth the strangely dramatic death of Squire Philip Yordas just after he had made a will disinheriting his son Duncan. Thus Scargate Hall, when first described to the reader, is the property of Philippa Yordas—"my lady Philippa," as she was commonly called by the tenants—and Mistress Carnaby, her younger sister, a widow with one boy. "Pet" was his name with his mother and his aunt; and his enemies (being the rest of mankind) said that pet was his name and his nature." One of the first things that we hear concerning Scargate Hall is that Pet's chance of possessing the inheritance he has been brought up to expect is far from good, since Mr. Jellicorse, the family lawyer, comes by chance upon evidence of a fatal flaw in the sisters' title to the estate, and rides over to make them acquainted with this unpleasant fact. This is a striking instance of Mr. Blackmore's fine disdain of the ordinary mechanical craft of a novelist. Here is an admirable opportunity for a complication which might well form the only staple of three volumes of plotting and counter-plotting. The author, however, uses it only for the purpose of illustrating the characters of the two sisters, of Jellicorse, and of the true heir, who does not appear till towards the close of the book, and who destroys in favour of his sisters the deed which, if brought into evidence, would give the greater part of the estate to himself. From one point of view this lavish neglect of possible "situations" might be thought a mistake in art; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that in the hands of an inferior writer it might seem such a mistake. As it is, we might complain that the fulness of Mr. Blackmore's work makes it difficult to take in and appreciate completely all of the many branches of his story; but if his novel demands more thought and reflection from the reader than do a dozen every-day novels, the trouble is far better repaid in the one case than in the others. It is not until the sixth chapter of the book that we are introduced to Anerley Farm, a place about a hundred and twenty miles from Scargate Hall, and the home of the girl who gives her name to the novel. The description of its proprietor's character is not a bad example of the combined breadth and minuteness of Mr. Blackmore's style:—

From father to son the good lands had passed, without even a will to disturb them, except at distant intervals; and the present owner was Stephen Anerley, a thrifty and well-to-do Yorkshire farmer of the olden type. Master Anerley was turned quite lately of his fifty-second year, and hopeful (if so pleased the Lord) to turn a good many more years yet, as a strong horse works his furrow. For he was strong and of a cheerful face, ruddy, square, and steadfast, built up also with firm body to a wholesome stature, and able to show the best man on the farm the way to swing a pitchfork. Yet might he be seen, upon every Lord's day, as clean as a new-shelled chestnut; neither at any time of the week was he dirtier than need be. Happy alike in the place of his birth, his lot in life, and the wisdom of the powers appointed over him, he looked up, with a substantial faith, yet a solid reserve of judgment, to the Church, the Justices of the Peace, spiritual lords and temporal, and above all His Majesty George the Third. Without any reserve of judgment, which could not deal with such low subjects, he looked down upon every dissenter, every pork-dealer, and every Frenchman. What he was brought up to, that he would abide by; and the sin beyond repentance, to his mind, was the sin of the turn-coat.

With all these hard-set lines of thought, or of doctrine (the scabbard of thought, which saves its edge, and keeps it out of mischief), Stephen Anerley was not hard, or stern, or narrow-hearted. Kind, and gentle, and good to every one who knew "how to behave himself," and dealing to every man full justice—meted by his own measure—he was liable even to generous acts, after being severe and having his own way. But if anybody ever got the better of him, by lies, and not fair bettering, that man had wiser not begin to laugh inside the Riding. Stephen Anerley was slow but sure; not so very keen, perhaps, but grained with kernels of maxim'd thought, to meet his uses as they came, and to make a rogue uneasy. To move him from such thoughts was hard; but to move him from a spoken word had never been found possible.

Anerley Farm lies just outside the Dane's Dyke, which cuts off "Flamborough Head, and a solid centre of high land from the rest of Yorkshire. The corner, so intercepted, used to be, and is still called 'Little Denmark'; and the indwellers feel a large contempt for all their outer neighbours." We have quoted these few lines in order to call attention to the remarkable spirit with which Mr. Blackmore has depicted the manners and customs of this curious place. One feels as one reads that the people must have behaved and spoken exactly as the author makes them speak and behave. As Mary rides down the hollow of the Dyke on the same morning on which Mr. Jellicorse leaves Scargate Hall, "armed with instructions to defy the Devil, and to keep his discovery quiet," she falls in with a man who is running for his life from other men who are pursuing him and shooting at him. Acting on the impulse of a moment, she shows him a place where he can hide, and presently "three broad men, with heavy fusils cocked, came up from the sea-mouth of the Dyke, steadily panting, and running steadily with a long enduring stride. Behind them a tall, bony man, with a cutlass, was swinging it high in the air, and limping, and swearing with great velocity. 'Coast-riders,' thought Mary, and he a free-trader! Four against one is cowardice." With feminine skill she puts the revenue men off the scent, and then exchanges a few words with the smuggler, in the course of which the reader will observe a curious instance of the impossible whimsicality in which the author sometimes indulges. He begs her to pick up for him, if she chances upon it in her ride, the fellow to a curious and handsome ring which hangs in one of his ears. It has been shot away and he cannot stay to look for it. "And they really shot away one of your earrings! Careless, cruel, wasteful men! What could they have been

thinking of?" "They were thinking of getting what is called 'blood-money'! One hundred pounds for Robin Lyth. Dead or alive—one hundred pounds." When Mary goes on to abuse Carroway, the coastguard captain, Robin Lyth—commonly called the new Robin Hood—replies that Carroway is only doing his duty. "His life has been in my hands fifty times; but I will never take it. He must be killed sooner or later, because he rushes into everything. But never will it be my doing." These words have a dramatic bearing on important events which happen much later on. Readers will no doubt foresee the result of this meeting between Mary and Robin Lyth, but will not be able to foresee the many and curious obstacles which interfere with true love's course. Here we are somewhat puzzled as to the direction in which it is most desirable to guide the reader's attention. The many episodes to which we have referred have all a connexion more or less remote with the fortunes of Robin Lyth, and by consequence of Mary. At the same time each one of them might fairly be called a novel in itself, and might form the subject of a separate review. Perhaps the best plan may be to say something as to the general course of the story, repeating again that every character, however much or little involved in the plot, is drawn with singular and complete care and skill, subject, of course, to the oddities of which mention has been made.

Not long after the events just narrated, Carroway, after an exciting chase, brings, as he says, Robin Lyth in custody before Dr. Upround, rector of Flamborough, Doctor of Divinity and Justice of the Peace. The position is an awkward one for the Doctor, who, like most people in the place, is much attached to Robin, and has known him since he was found, a tiny child in gold-embroidered and gold-buttoned night-clothing, lying on the shore as if he had been dropped from the sky. Fortunately a way out of the difficulty is found at the moment when the prisoner is confronted with the magistrate. "Lieutenant Carroway," the Doctor said, "I greatly fear that you have allowed zeal, my dear sir, to outrun discretion. Robin Lyth is a young, and in many ways highly respected, parishioner of mine. He may have been guilty of casual breaches of the laws concerning importation, laws which fluctuate from year to year, and require deep knowledge of legislation both to observe and to administer. I heartily trust that you may not suffer from having discharged your duty in a manner most truly exemplary, if only the example had been the right one. This gentleman is no more Robin Lyth than I am." This is by no means the narrowest escape which Robin has from the clutches of the conscientious Carroway, whose steadfast pursuit of the smuggler ends, as the sequel shows, badly for both. Among Carroway's men is one with the oddly appropriate name of Cadman, who for various reasons cherishes an undying grudge against his commander. On one occasion Robin is at last fairly trapped in one of his favourite caves by Carroway, who hitherto has been constantly put off the scent by accomplices of the smuggler. Carroway at the entrance of the cave stands up in the bow of his pinnace and cries, "In the name of the King, surrender!" To which Robin answers, "In the name of the devil, splash!" and a scene of wild confusion ensues, in the course of which the gallant Carroway, mad with rage, exclaims, "Their blood be upon their own heads; draw your hangers, and at 'em." "He never spoke another word, but furiously leaping at the smuggler chief, fell back into his own boat and died without a struggle, without a groan. The roar of a gun and the smoke of powder mingled with the watery hubbub, and hushed in a moment all the oaths of conflict." The climax of Robin's misfortunes is that he is suspected of having killed Carroway, and has to go first into hiding and then to fly the country. Retribution, however, overtakes the real author of the crime. A certain Mordacks, an admirably drawn and important character, who is employed to seek out the lost heir of Sir Duncan Yordas, brings the deed home to its perpetrator some time after its commission, in a finely dramatic fashion. He sends one "Nicholas the Fish," a mighty diver, to look for the gun with which the fatal shot was fired in the depths of the sea cave, and, at an appointed moment when Nicholas is completely invisible in the water, a preventive gig, with Carroway's widow sitting in the stern, comes into the cave. Mordacks makes the man a speech in which he recounts the deed and announces its coming discovery and punishment. "I am not eloquent," he says, "I am not a man of words; my motto is strict business. And business with me is a power, not a name. I lift my hand; you wait for half a minute; and then, from the depths of this abyss, arises the gun used in the murder":—

The men understood about half of this, being honest fellows in the main, and desiring time to put heads together, about the meaning; but one there was, who knew too well that his treacherous sin had found him out. He strove to look like the rest, but felt that his eyes obeyed heart more than brain; and then the widow, who had watched him closely through her black veil, lifted it, and fixed her eyes on his. Deadly terror seized him; and he wished that he had shot himself.

"Stand up, men," the commander shouted; "until we see the end of this. The crime has been laid upon our force. We scorn the charge of such treachery. Stand up, men; and face, like innocent men, whatever can be shown against you."

The men stood up, and the light of the torches fell upon their faces. All were pale, with fear and wonder; but one was white as death itself. Calling up his dogged courage, and that bitterness of malice, which had made him do the deed, and never yet repent of it, he stood as firmly as the rest; but differed from them in three things. His face wore a smile; he watched one place only; and his breath made a noise, while theirs was held.

Then, from the water, without a word, or sign of any hand that moved it, a long gun rose before John Cadman, and the butt was offered to his hand. He stood, with his arms at his sides, and could not lift them, to do

anything. Neither could he speak, nor make defence; but stood, like an image that is fastened by the feet.

"Hand me that," cried the officer sharply; but instead of obeying, the man stared malignantly, and then plunged over the gun into the depth.

Not so, however, did he cheat the hangman; Nicholas caught him (as a water-dog catches a worn-out glove), and gave him to any one that would have him. "Strap him tight," the captain cried, and the men found relief in doing it. At the next jail-delivery he was tried, and the jury did their duty. His execution restored goodwill, and revived that faith in justice, which subsists upon so little food.

For reasons which have been sufficiently explained, we have found it impossible to dwell upon more than a few of the many sides belonging to this remarkable book, the pathetic passages of which are not less striking than the humorous or dramatic touches and descriptions which abound in it.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.*

THERE can be no manner of doubt that the last published volume of the *Speaker's Commentary*, comprising the Gospel according to St. John and the Acts, is by far the most valuable and important of the whole series. None of the contributors to this joint work are to be compared, for exegetical skill and for thoroughness of treatment, to Dr. Westcott, the Cambridge Regius Professor of Divinity, who has undertaken the Fourth Gospel. The task has been with him the work of years, and a real labour of love. His monograph on St. John's Gospel is a monument of learning, acuteness, patient toil, and piety. Every one knows how modern criticism has disputed the genuineness of the Fourth Gospel. Dr. Westcott boldly meets the sceptical writers of the new school on their own grounds. Not much more is to be discovered, or to be said, on the points of history or authority, as bearing upon the matter; but the internal evidence to be derived from a minute and unprejudiced study of the original document has now for the first time been brought into court by an orthodox champion, and confronted with the superficial objections and innuendoes of the German neologists and Renan. Dr. Westcott in his Introduction proves to demonstration, in our opinion, these several points—that the author of the Fourth Gospel was a Jew; next, that he was a Palestinian Jew; next, that he was an eyewitness of the scenes which he describes; next, that he was one of the Twelve; and, lastly, that he could have been none other than St. John himself. All this is argued out in great detail, and shown by a prodigious accumulation of minute touches, allusions, and inferences in the sacred text. Of course we cannot give even a specimen of this searching investigation. We invite any persons who are concerned in the inquiry to make early acquaintance with Dr. Westcott's essay. We would instance, however, the section on the exact topographical knowledge displayed by the author of the Fourth Gospel both of Jerusalem itself, and of the Temple in particular, as peculiarly convincing. "No creative genius," says Dr. Westcott, "can create a lost site." Jerusalem had been destroyed, it will be remembered, before St. John's Gospel was written; and the later the date to which modern sceptics defer its composition, the stronger becomes Dr. Westcott's argument. We may note here, as a single illustration of this personal knowledge of places and circumstances the very interesting discussion on our Saviour's declaration that He was the "Light of the World," in the eighth chapter of this Gospel. Dr. Westcott considers that the discourse was directly suggested by the lighting of the great golden candelabra, at the Feast of Tabernacles, in the Court of the Women, where, as is clear from a later verse of the same chapter, our Saviour was then teaching. He points out that the Evangelist, whoever he was, must have been personally acquainted with the Herodian temple and the Jewish ritual.

Dr. Westcott pursues his examination of St. John's claims to be the author of the Gospel which bears his name by marshalling the direct internal evidence, and also the external evidence, of the fact. Then he discusses, with the same fulness and the same patient aggregation of minute details, the occasion and date of the Gospel, its object, its plan, and its style. Next follows a chapter on the characteristics of the Gospel, describing its relation to the Old Testament and the gradual unfolding of the Messianic idea. This self-revelation of the Lord carries with it of necessity the development of the personal characters of the men among whom he moved. Accordingly, St. John's Gospel is far richer in distinct types of faith and of unbelief than those of the Synoptists. Dr. Westcott shows great penetration in his explanation of St. John's pictures of Caiaphas and Pilate. It is to St. John, too, that we owe almost all that we know of the personal characters of the Apostles and others who believed. Nathanael and Nicodemus, Andrew, Philip, and Thomas, the woman of Samaria, St. Mary Magdalene, and "the disciple whom Jesus loved" himself, are known to us in their individual characteristics from the Fourth Gospel. Witness the remarkable account given by Dr. Westcott of St. Philip the Apostle. He quotes the tradition preserved by Clemens Alexandrinus that it was Philip who was so severely reproved by his Master for wishing to "go and bury his father." Philip "appears to hang back, to calculate, to rest on others." "Jesus [we read] findeth Philip." The Apostle had not himself come to the Great Teacher. But these words seem to

* *The Holy Bible; with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary.* Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. New Testament. Vol. II. St. John—the Acts of the Apostles. London: John Murray. 1880.

imply "that he was ready to welcome, or even waiting for, the call which was first spoken to him." Dr. Westcott sums up a most interesting contrast with the words: "Philip believed without confidence, Thomas believed without hope." We may here make room for this admirable quotation:—

This fulness of characteristic life in the Fourth Gospel is particularly decisive as to its apostolical authorship. Those who are familiar with the Christian literature of the second century will know how inconceivable it is that any Christian teacher could have imagined or presented as the author of the Fourth Gospel has done the generation in which the Lord moved. The hopes, the passions, the rivalries, the opinions, by which his contemporaries were swayed had passed away, or become embodied in new shapes. A great dramatist could scarcely have called them back in such narrow limits as the record allows. Direct knowledge illuminated by experience and insight, which are the human condition of the historian's inspiration, offers the only adequate explanation of the dramatic power of the Gospel.

The relation of the Fourth Gospel to the Synoptists is treated, next in order, with no less thoughtfulness or completeness than the discussions which preceded it. And then follow two sections on the relation of St. John's Gospel to the Apocalypse and to the Epistles which bear his name. Finally, the text of the Gospel is considered in a most scholarly essay. Dr. Westcott tells us that there are in existence fourteen uncial and more than six hundred cursive MSS. of St. John. No existing MS. of the New Testament is older than the fourth century. Dr. Westcott claims for the Codex Vaticanus (B) the highest rank among the original authorities for the text. He considers it to represent the text preserved in the Apostolic Greek Church of Rome. The Codex Sinaiticus (Σ), on the contrary, and the Codex Bezae (D)—the latter the great treasure of the Cambridge University Library—represent a text of great antiquity, probably of the second century, and of Palestinian origin. The final section of this noble Introduction is by no means the least valuable or remarkable. It enumerates and criticizes the commentators on St. John. In this list Dr. Westcott does full justice to Rupert of Deutz and to Johannes Scotus Erigena among medieval interpreters, and to Godet and Keim among moderns. He attributes, however, to the living voice of Cambridge friends during the twenty-five years of work expended on St. John's Gospel more help than any books could afford him. We note the sound wisdom with which he commends to more attention than they usually receive the renderings of the Latin Vulgate. "It seems to me," he says, "that we have lost in every way from our neglect of a Version which has influenced the Theology of the West more profoundly than we know." Finally, we may observe that Dr. Westcott's annotation of the text of the Fourth Gospel is more copious than that of most of his compeers. His theology is markedly moderate, but is neither latitudinarian nor "broad" in its sympathies. Many of the "additional notes" at the end of certain chapters are extremely valuable, and display most extensive and varied learning. We can but wish that the learned Professor, instead of confining himself to this single book, had had time to complete a commentary on the whole of the Sacred Scriptures.

Full two-thirds of the volume now before us are filled by Dr. Westcott's commentary on St. John. The remaining third is devoted to the Acts of the Apostles. The treatment of this most important book seems jejune and inadequate when compared with the more brilliant work of the Cambridge Professor. The general editor, Canon F. C. Cook, has contributed the introductory matter to the Acts, and Bishop Jacobson, of Chester, supplies the notes. The latter are generally apt, lucid, and succinct. But they lack spirit, and leave many points of interest unnoticed. Acts i. 3 may be considered a crucial test of exegetical excellence. Upon its proper understanding depends an intelligent estimate of the authority of those unwritten traditions of Church discipline and organization which can be traced with certainty to Apostolical times. If, indeed, the Risen Saviour taught His Apostles, during the period between His Resurrection and Ascension, "the things pertaining to" His visible kingdom, the Church, as St. Luke expressly declares, it follows as an almost certain conclusion that not only such facts as the substitution of the First Day as the weekly festival of Christians for the Sabbath, or Seventh Day, hitherto kept holy by the Jews, but other things, such as the ordinance of Confirmation, the transmission of the several orders of the ministry, and the general outlines, at least, of Christian worship and Christian discipline, must have formed part of such oral teaching. For, it will be remembered, the structure of the Church took shape, and its practical working went on from its earliest days, according to some fixed rules and principles which are nowhere laid down in express terms in the New Testament, for the best possible reason, that the Scriptures of the New Testament are subsequent in date to the original organization of the Church. What more probable, then, than that matters of such extreme importance formed the main subject of the Lord's personal communication to His apostles before His ascension? It was the work of the Holy Spirit to call these things to their memory, and to guide and enlighten the founders of the Christian Church in the practical carrying out of these principles. Bishop Jacobson refers indeed to Bishop Moberly's valuable *Discourses on the Great Forty Days*, in which this great truth is admirably enforced, and also to the famous passage of St. Clement of Rome, in which the substitution of the First Day for the Seventh is expressly stated to have been thus ordained by the Lord Himself. But he scarcely seems to have apprehended the full importance of the significant statement of the writer of the Acts. Still, as a general rule, Bishop Jacobson's notes will be found as satisfactory as they are judicious. He makes a good point in commenting on the well-known mistranslated phrase "such as should be saved" (Acts ii. 47), which

has been considered to betray a Calvinistic bias on the part of the authors of the English Version. He acquits them of this *mala fides* by saying that they were "unhappy" in following here the Vulgate rendering, *qui salvi fuerunt*. He himself rightly translates the *οὗτοι σωθέντες*, "those who were being saved;" adding the comment:—"The participle in the present or imperfect tense expresses not a completed act, but a continuous and progressive state." In a subsequent note on Acts vi. 3, Bishop Jacobson quotes from Derrick's note on Dryden's "Hind and Panther" an explanation of the very curious fact that in some editions of the Authorized Version, notably the fine folio of 1659 and the octavo of 1651, the words, "whom we may appoint," are printed, "whom ye may appoint," so as to make the ordination of deacons the office of the laity rather than of the episcopacy. Derrick's remark is, "Field is said to have been the first printer of this forgery, and to have received for it 1,500*l*. Be that as it may, it is certainly to be found in several of his editions of the Bible." We think with Bishop Jacobson, in opposition to Dr. Farrar, that the fact of St. Paul having been mistaken at Lycaonia for Mercurius, who "was always represented as vigorous and graceful," is "not favourable to the exaggerated notions of the Apostle's personal appearance which are derived from the legend of Paul and Thecla." Of course there are endless questions for discussion which are suggested by these notes. We will refer to only one more. In the description of the storm in the Mediterranean (Acts xvii.), our commentator suggests that the lightening the ship by "casting out the wheat into the sea," does not mean, as is generally thought, that the crew threw over their provisions, but that the wheat was the cargo of this Egyptian cornship, which had shifted in the gale, and the discharge of which was necessary for righting as well as relieving the vessel, and enabling it to answer the helm. Corn is still carried in bulk in too many seagoing ships, as the records of shipwrecks so often remind us.

We need only say in conclusion that Canon Cook's Introduction to the Acts is ably and conscientiously done. We note in it a most valuable reference to a passage of St. Clement "now completely known from the MS. lately discovered by the Metropolitan of Serrae, Philotheos Bryennios," in which St. Paul and St. Peter are called, even at that early date, "those two great and most righteous pillars of the Church." This disposes of Renan's ridiculous opinion that an enmity, or even rivalry, between St. Peter and St. Paul divided the Primitive Christians into two hostile camps. We can only wish that the two remaining volumes of the *Speaker's Commentary* still to be published may be worthy of the one which we have now noticed.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.*

THE first of the three books before us, the *Manual of English Composition*, is one of Dr. William Smith's Educational Course, an excellent series of school books, the useful qualities of which have led to their approval and adoption by practical teachers skilled and experienced in their profession. This new volume is well fitted to keep up the reputation of the series. The subject the author has had to deal with is no doubt a difficult one. The art of writing readable prose has been mastered by so few among English authors that one is tempted to look upon it as a heaven-sent gift, bestowed rarely, and we might almost say capriciously, on some favoured child of fortune who in the opinion of his fellows has no sort of right to expect such favour. Confirmation of this view of the matter we find in the writings of Goldsmith, of Charles Lamb, and of Miss Austen. They all three wrote prose which will charm all readers as long as the English language lasts; yet no one of them achieved it by following a preparatory course of study in the art of composition, or by adhering to any set rules of style. Each took to writing, as it were, by chance, without any special training; and though all three attained the first rank of excellence among English prose writers, their lives were originally cast in lines so entirely apart from all literary influences that their excellence seems almost marvellous. Now, if an Irish ne'er-do-weel who had passed his youth in random rambling, and had taken up one profession after another without success, a London clerk whose days were doomed to drudgery at a desk, and a young lady brought up in the seclusion of a country rectory could write English better than numbers of men of unquestioned powers who have made the art of writing English the study of their lives, it does not seem that the art is attainable by study or can be learned from a manual. Indeed it is a significant and depressing fact that, in spite of the vast number of manuals of English grammar and English composition that have been written for the improvement of the present generation, the quality of the English commonly spoken and written, instead of improving, grows daily worse and worse. The distressing deficiencies of grammar and of style in the works of the most popular novelists are pointed out in vain by candid critics. Their books are still eagerly bought and read to an extent that proves how large a proportion of the English nation are as ignorant as the authors or authoresses of these works in

* *A Manual of English Composition*. By Theophilus D. Hall, M.A. London: John Murray. 1880.

Primer of the Industrial Geography of France. By G. Phillips Bevan, F.G.S., F.S.S. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Allen. 1880.

Geography for Little Children. By Antonia Zimmermann. London: E. Stanford. 1880.

which they take delight. And as we notice that the higher the social rank of the readers who patronize this circulating library literature, the worse the grammar gets in the pages prepared for their perusal, we are driven to the conclusion that society has so long indulged in slipshod slang that its members can no longer understand any other language. Even ladies who write for the edification of the nursery and schoolroom dare not be grammatical, for fear of being scouted on a charge of pedantry by the youthful public whose good opinion it is their aim to win. This lamentable indifference to and ignorance of their own language, so prevalent among the highest class of Englishmen and women, is in great part due to the pernicious practice of entrusting the primary education of both boys and girls to foreigners whose chief qualification generally is ignorance of English. The fond mother who confides her darlings to a teacher who "can't speak a word of English" imagines that she is securing for them the envied fluency in French and German that she herself has never been able to attain to. The result is that the children—who are told, poor things, that they must speak languages they don't understand—invent a mixed jargon of French and English, and get so confused in their ideas that they become incapable of writing a grammatical sentence in either. It is to this system of teaching little boys foreign languages before they can read or write their own that the large proportion of failures in spelling among the candidates who present themselves for every sort of examination may be ascribed. The English is the only nation in Europe which thinks its own language unworthy of being taught. The French and the Germans both bestow much pains in teaching the niceties of their mother-tongues, while with us "English in all its branches" is considered as the least important part of the school course, and the time bestowed upon it is too often looked upon as wasted.

Although no text-book, however well put together, can endow dull minds with the power of writing readable books, such a book can at least give even the dullest an amount of knowledge sufficient to enable them to express themselves grammatically in conversation and by letter. Even this amount of excellence, small though it may seem, few persons can attain to without being taught. The publication of *A Manual of English Composition* in a series which has hitherto been chiefly devoted to the classics we hail as a sign that schoolmasters are awaking to the consciousness that it is just as necessary to teach the average schoolboy how to string sentences together in English as in Latin. It is this art of stringing sentences together, in which the sense shall be plain and the grammar faultless, that Mr. Hall's manual professes to impart; and it is well calculated for doing so. The exercises begin with simple assertions, such as that the "fire of London happened in 1666," and lead the learner steadily on until he is supposed to be capable of dealing with such difficult subjects as the "nature of Protection," or the "present political state of Europe." But before he arrives at this pitch of perfection he is taught much that is very salutary as to what he must do and what he must not do with his pronouns, his participles, and his subjunctive moods, when it is fit and proper to adorn his page with figures of speech, and when he must totally abstain from doing so. Happily Mr. Hall is generally in favour of abstaining from figurative and flowery language. In his very first page he urges the student to call things by their right names, and thus cautions him against the use of ornamental synonyms as a refuge against dulness:—

This kind of tinsel adornment pleases none except persons of wholly uncultivated taste, and should be scrupulously avoided.

As a general rule, the student will do well to banish for the present all thought of ornament or elegance, and to aim only at expressing himself plainly and clearly. The best ornament is always that which comes unsought. Let him not beat about the bush, but go straight to the point. Let him remember that what is written is meant to be read; that time is short; and that—other things being equal—the fewer words the better.

In another passage he explains that, if a synonym be used at all, "there should be some appropriateness about it in reference to the place where it is introduced." The result of disregarding this rule is often absurd in the extreme. The abuse of synonyms in most cases springs from the old-fashioned notion, still clung to in most manuals of English grammar, that it is certainly inelegant, if not positively incorrect, to repeat the same word in one sentence. Mr. Hall sees the folly of this, and points out that the best word to express an object or idea, if that object or idea has to be named again, ought to be fearlessly repeated, instead of being displaced by a worse word which does not so happily express the thing intended. Since Macaulay showed the force that lies in reiteration, many writers of repute have had recourse to it; but we never before met with a school-book in which it was tolerated, much less openly vindicated. Mr. Hall thus commends the practice:—

Repetition is a far less serious fault than obscurity. Young writers are often unduly afraid of repeating the same word, and require to be reminded that it is always better to use the right word over again, than to replace it by a wrong one:—and a word which is liable to be misunderstood is a wrong one. A frank repetition of a word has even sometimes a kind of charm—as bearing the stamp of truth, the foundation of all excellence of style.

And, again, in another passage he explains how "a vigorous writer has no weak dread of repetition. Repetition is only bad when it arises from poverty of language; and when it is used by definite purpose of the writer it carries force and emphasis with it."

Mr. Hall does not teach by precept alone; he has also recourse to warning and example, and for this end he illustrates and enforces his rules by sentences taken from various authors. Indeed, in

turning over his pages the reader is startled to find how many writers, received as unquestionable authorities, he finds tripping in their grammar. The usual defects in the passages quoted spring from careless use of personal pronouns or a haziness as to relatives and their antecedents. However, when we find the *Spectator* among the defaulters, we are inclined to think that any rule which he transgressed was more "honoured in the breach than in the observance." Nor do we see that, in one at least of the passages quoted, Mr. Hall's amendment can be considered either a correction or improvement. The *Spectator* writes:—

At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay which his [Sir Roger's] mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. (Addison, *Spectator*, No. 115.)

This undoubtedly awkward sentence Mr. Hall corrects thus:—

... the knight looks upon it with great satisfaction, because, it seems, the otter was killed by his own dog when he was but nine years old.

But has he even yet made it clear that it was the knight who was nine years old when this important event took place? We think not. The sentence now seems as if the dog had been nine years old, and yet the rhythm of it is destroyed. Mr. Hall, indeed, does not lay sufficient stress on this quality of rhythm, though therein lies the chief charm of prose. Its presence is the subtle something that carries the reader along in spite of himself, though it is as impossible to define its nature as it would be to explain why a favourite melody or a delicious scent awakens within us feelings of delight. This faculty of writing musical prose seems to be a sort of instinct which no teaching can ever implant; but without it no one, however great may be his powers, will ever become a popular writer.

We note with pleasure that Mr. Hall devotes a chapter to warning all persons, whether young or old, against the use of

many conventional expressions, partly common-place and partly vulgar, which should be carefully avoided. Among these may be mentioned—"individual" for *person*, "residence" for *house*, "locality" for *place*, "parties" or "individuals" for *person*, or *men and women*, to "commence" to do anything, for to *begin*, to "go in" for any pursuit or study, "first-class" or "first-rate" for *excellent* (still lower are such phrases as "A 1," "top of the tree," &c.), to "transmogrify" for to *transform*.

Among these "vulgarisms" be very properly classes those scraps of foreign tongues with which half-educated persons are wont to interlard their talk, the pleonastic use of "got" after the verb "to have," and other errors of a like sort arising from lack either of knowledge or of thought. He might have added a caution against that commonest of all vulgar blunders, the practice of calling all the relatives of a reigning sovereign "royalties." Now "royalty," as an abstract noun, has no plural form. The plural "royalties" can only be correctly used to signify certain proportions of the profits of mines or of books assigned to some particular persons. To use the term "royalties" when we mean princes or princesses is just as absurd as it would be to style a bishop's family "episcopacies," or the children of the president of a republic "presidencies." Mr. Hall's manual is certainly the most sensible and practical book upon English composition that we have lately seen. The great variety of subjects which it suggests as themes for exercising the imagination as well as the literary powers of young students will be found a great assistance to teachers, who must often be sorely puzzled to hit upon subjects sufficiently diversified without being ridiculously beyond the scope of youthful experience.

The *Primer of the Industrial Geography of France* is one of a series of educational primers published by Messrs. Sonnenschein and Allen. It dwells in detail upon the natural productions of France in connexion with the manufactures and industries to which they give rise. The money made by the several trades, and the number of persons employed in them, are also stated. The last chapter of the *Primer* contains an alphabetical list of the departments, enumerating the towns they contain, with the name of the industry chiefly followed in each town and department written opposite to it. Our space does not permit us to examine into the accuracy of each of these items of information, but, turning to the description of the *Alpes Maritimes*, we note with surprise that *Vallauris*, which has certainly won a small celebrity from the productions of its potteries, is altogether left out; nor is it to be found in the chapter devoted to pottery and porcelain. Yet the *Vallauris* ware is perhaps better known out of France than any other ware of French production. There is also no mention of the fruit preserving which is one of the distinctive industries of the department. Nearly all the crystallized fruits which are exported from France are prepared in the "confiseries" of Grasse. It is at Grasse, too, and not at Cannes, that the "parfumeries," where the perfumers of London and Paris distil their sweet waters, are to be found. Turning to another district, the *Hautes Pyrénées*, we find "Bagnères-de-Bigorre" erroneously written "Bagnes de Bigorres," while its productions and industries are set down as "baths and mineral waters." Now, although it certainly has both baths and mineral waters, yet, as that is an advantage shared by all the towns in the *Pyrénées*, it would have been more characteristic of the place to name as its industries the marble-cutting works, which are the largest in the South of France, and the wonderful knitted garments of all sorts, made of Pyrenean wool, which the inhabitants consider the *industrie du pays*.

The pages of this primer are too thickly crammed with names and numbers to make it usable as anything but a book of reference. A small commercial dictionary would have been a more suitable

title than the one it bears; for as geography is a science treating of the surface of the earth, we do not see how a little book devoted to an examination of the use man makes of the earth's productions can with reason be called a primer of geography.

Miss Zimmern's little book also belongs to a series, the "London Geographical Series," of which as yet it seems to be the sole representative. It is intended for very young children, and aims at nothing more than teaching them the nature of maps and globes and some few elementary facts of physical geography. In a chapter treating of political divisions there are some strange statements about the cave-dwellers having gradually become civilized into the modern English, and also an erroneous use of the name England to signify the country in prehistoric times. The assertions, too, that the "Saxons ruled in England a thousand years ago," and that "a share or shire of the land was often given to one man to govern, and this man was generally called an Earl," are inaccurate and misleading. Surely the explanation that "political divisions" are "any parts into which people agree to mark out their country," can apply only to the United States, to some of our own colonies, and to France cut up into Departments; for in all other countries, at least in Europe, the political divisions are the result of gradual growth, and their names form the most trustworthy record of the country's history. It seems so difficult to bring home to grown people the historical nature of political geography, that the greatest pains should be taken to accustom children from the beginning to look at the geographical divisions from the historical point of view. But for the seeds of error which we have pointed out, this little book might be both useful and attractive to young children, as the language is simple, the type large and clear, while the pages are enlivened by some good maps and many illustrations. These, we are sure, cannot fail to prove very winning to all such little folk as the "*Dolly, Fannie, and Too-Too*" to whom this little volume is dedicated.

OLD CELTIC ROMANCES.*

THIS charming volume of Irish tales has made its appearance just in the nick of time, when the lucubrations of Professor Sophus Bugge have once more brought the subject of the origin of the Eddic literature of Scandinavia vividly before the learned. It is too soon to guess to what extent the Western Gael will turn out to have left his impress on the tales of the Norseman, but it is not a little gained that we now know that the word *Edda* itself is purely Gaelic. But, as it is our intention to deal with Irish rather than Norse literature, we proceed to give our readers an idea of the plan of this volume and the motives the author had in publishing it. In the preface he speaks as follows:—

The volume I now offer to the notice of the public contains eleven tales, selected and translated from the manuscripts of Trinity College and of the Royal Irish Academy. Some have been already published, with original text and literal translation, and are to be found in the Transactions of various literary societies, where, however, they are inaccessible to the general run of readers; and, even if they were accessible, they are almost unreadable, the translations having been executed, not for literary, but for linguistic purposes. Others have never been translated or given to the public in any shape or form till now. Of the whole collection of eleven tales, therefore, it may be said that they are quite new to the general mass of the reading public. And, furthermore, this is the first collection of the old Gaelic prose romances that has ever been published in fair English translation. Scraps and fragments of some of these tales have been given to the world in popular publications by writers who, not being able to read the originals, took their information from printed books in the English language. But I am forced to say that many of these specimens have been presented in a very unfavourable and unjust light—distorted to make them look funny, and their characters debased to the mere modern conventional stage Irishman. There is none of this silly and odious vulgarity in the originals of these fine old tales, which are high and dignified in tone and feeling, quite as much so as the old romantic tales of Greece and Rome.

The author goes on to say that a translation may either follow the very words, or reproduce the life and spirit, of the original, but that no translation can do both; for if one renders word for word, the spirit is lost; whereas, if, on the other hand, the spirit and manner are to be given, one is forced to depart from the exact words, and to frame one's own phrases. Dr. Joyce has chosen to do the latter, and we believe him to have succeeded in rendering the originals, the style of which is generally simple, into simple and homely English, which will be found to add considerably to the charm of the collection. Having said thus much, perhaps we ought to stop, as we feel that we have finished our review; but we may venture to add a few miscellaneous remarks on some of the tales themselves.

In the first tale in the book, "*The Fate of the Children of Lir*," who are converted by a wicked stepmother into swans, and doomed to exist in that form for nine hundred years, until, in fact, they were to resume the human shape on hearing the bell of St. Patrick, we come across one of the common tricks of Irish legends, that of extending the life of a legendary character down to Christian times. The same occurs in another of these stories in the case of the mermaid Liban, who, after wandering three centuries in the world of waters, dies a good Christian virgin. Other instances, such as the story of St. Caillin's life, might be mentioned of this easy method of bridging over periods the history of which is a blank, and of introducing stories of Pagan times. But none of the instances in which this method has been resorted to has, so far as we know, come near the story of the Ghost-Chariot of Cuchulainn in

the Book of the Dun Cow, a venerable Irish manuscript of the end of the eleventh century. There Cuchulainn is not made, it is true, to live at the time of St. Patrick, but he is forced by the Saint to appear in the array in which the shanachies were wont to describe him, in order to satisfy the Irish King, Loegaire, who refused to be converted by St. Patrick's preaching until he had seen Cuchulainn career over the plain, which all serves to introduce a description of the chariot and the story of the hero's experiences in this life and elsewhere.

The way in which the Celtic storytellers seem to have strung their tales together was generally very simple; one favourite method reminds one of the Labours of Hercules—the hero or heroes are compelled to take part in a number of dangerous adventures in order to attain a certain object. In the Welsh *Mabinogion* we have an elaborate instance of this, in the story of Culhwch and Olwen, where Culhwch, who is in love with Olwen, can make her his wife only when he has procured her father a large number of apparent impossibilities, and engaged in all kinds of contests, the very mention of which was expected to make him break his heart. Dr. Joyce's book gives us a good specimen of the same method in the story of the Children of Turenn. The latter, having killed one of the Tuatha Dé Danann, find themselves ultimately forced to pay his son the *eric* due for his father's death, and they allow themselves to be outwitted by him, so that he is enabled to define what the *eric* is to be. At first they thought it a mere trifle, but they soon found out that it involved them in all kinds of hardships and difficult expeditions intended to effect their ruin, the shanachie of course taking care that that did not happen before his story was of the length he desired. An equally easy method of connecting a number of strange adventures is to suppose the hero to go on a voyage and to land in as many strange islands as the storyteller has strange things to relate. The book before us contains one of these voyages, and the hero's name is Maildun. He sets out in search of a fleet of plunderers who had landed in the West of Ireland and killed his father. This story, which is published now for the first time, is very amusing in parts, and gives an account of the adventures of Maildun and his crew, and of the wonderful things they saw during their voyage of three years and seven months, in their curragh, on the Western Sea. The tale is of the same type as the Voyage of St. Brendan, which was at one time known over most of Europe; an imperfect version of the former is given in the Book of the Dun Cow. The items in this story have little to do with one another, and it may here be mentioned that we have met with one at least of them in the *Mabinogion*; we refer to the "Island that Dyed Black and White," where, among other things, there was "a very largeman," we are told, "employed in dividing and arranging the sheep; and he often took up a sheep and threw it with much ease over the wall from one side to the other. When he threw over a white sheep among the black ones, it became black immediately; and, in like manner, when he threw a black sheep over, it was instantly changed to white." With this compare the following passage from the story of Peredur—we give it in the words of Lady Charlotte Guest's translation:—"And he came towards a valley, through which ran a river; and the borders of the valley were wooded, and on each side of the river were level meadows. And on one side of the river he saw a flock of white sheep, and on the other a flock of black sheep. And whenever one of the white sheep bleated, one of the black sheep would cross over and become white; and when one of the black sheep bleated, one of the white sheep would cross over and become black." We give this coincidence because the passages are, as it were, without context either in the Irish or the Welsh legend, and we could wish to add to it another from the story of the Gilla Dacker, which is also translated into English now for the first time, and is certainly one of the most interesting in the collection. But it would take up too much space, and we shall content ourselves with merely indicating that the wizard-champion at the well, who instantly appears on the spot in full armour and intense rage when the drinking-horn has been taken down and water from the well drunk out of it, may be compared with the well-champion who is roused to action in a somewhat similar fashion in the story of the Lady of the Fountain. But such coincidences as these are trifling and of no great importance as compared with the deeper and broader veins of imagination and myth which penetrate Irish and Welsh romance in common; but that is just the reason why we cannot enter on the discussion of them here.

For the sake of those who imagine that Finn and Ossian belong exclusively to the Scotch Gael, we may remark that, out of the eleven tales in this book, no fewer than six belong to that class of literature which some term Ossianic, but which the Irish more correctly call Fenian. But we could wish that Finn's men were called Fenians, or some other name than Feni, as Dr. Joyce has been tempted to call them. In Irish they are called *fianna*, or champions, whereas the name Feni or Féni has been appropriated in the Brehon Laws of the *Senchus Mór* to what appears to have been a real historical people, the law-giving race of ancient Erin; and it is a pity that their name should be confounded with Finn's champions, who may, after all, have never existed, except as creatures of the imagination. At any rate, we cannot help regarding them as the Goidelic equivalents to Arthur and his Knights among the Brythonic Celts. Just as Arthur and his following appear wherever the Brythons dwell, whether in Great Britain or in Little Britain, so Finn and his Fenians are at home in both the Scotias. The principal difference between the Knights of the Round Table, on the one hand, and Finn and his men, on the other, may be ex-

* *Old Celtic Romances*. Translated from the Gaelic by P. W. Joyce, LL.D., T.C.D.; M.R.I.A. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

pressed in very few words. Arthur and his men had to don the garb and manners of Christian knights in the ages of chivalry, while Finn and his have been allowed to appear in the attire in which a ruder state of society thought fit to clothe them.

MEMOIRS OF A CYNIC.*

IT is not often that we give way to a feeling of despair as we are reading a book. We have never tried Guicciardini, it is true; but yet we have little sympathy with the criminal who broke down at the war of Pisa and chose the galley instead of the author. Even dullness has its humorous side, and Dogberry was not so far out when he offered to bestow all his tediousness on his worship. If Francis had only once in his life cried out "Anon, anon, Sir," there would have been no jest in it. When, however, he came to pass year after year in one or two such utterances as this, then he became a great comic character. So it is with authors. There is a kind of absurdity which can only be attained by a large extent of writing. When a writer of this kind has written only a single page he has done nothing to raise a smile. Even by the time that he has reached the end of his first chapter he has scarcely begun to amuse his reader. But when he has gone on in the same inane way for a whole volume, still more when he has filled three volumes, then his merits begin to be seen. A little air is colourless; but, when we get it spread out all round us or high above us, then we find that it is blue. But now and then we come across a book out of which we can get nothing. It is dull in each single page, and it is equally dull when all the pages are considered as one whole. Such a book as this is the despair of the reviewer, and such a book is *The Memoirs of a Cynic*. We had better at once make a clean breast of it. We have not been able to read it all. We broke down at the end of the second volume. We began to read it on a Tuesday evening at about eight of the clock. At a quarter past eight we laid it down and refreshed ourselves by reading a column of advertisements in the *Times*. We took it up once more and read it for just five minutes longer, when we gave it up for that night as a hopeless job. We tried it again after breakfast on Wednesday morning, and once more after lunch on the same day. We hoped, but hoped in vain, that we might find some one hour in the twenty-four when it could be read with some approach to ease. There was but one chance we discovered of getting through it, and that was to take it in as small and as frequent doses as we could. To sit down, in Johnson's words, doggedly to it was impossible. Nature was too strong for us and would assert her power. We went on with it therefore at intervals on Thursday and Friday, and we have thus managed, as we have said, to make our way through the first two volumes. So far we shall be able to guide our readers, but the rest of the journey we must leave them to take for themselves. This method of reviewing is, after all, what some authors would seem to desire. We hear complaints at times that by the analysis of the plot which is given in a review the interest of the story is lost. Mr. Gilbert will not be able to bring this charge against us, for of the end of the story we know nothing. If, however, there is a plot it must have taken its rise and had its development altogether in the third volume. In the two that we have read there is scarcely a trace of one to be discovered.

The Cynic of these Memoirs, according to his own account, is an elderly gentleman who was suddenly moved to retire from active life by reading in an autobiography an answer given by an old officer to Charles V. Having accordingly retired, he found himself "mortally ennuied," and, no doubt, resolved in revenge that the world should be "mortally ennuied" also. He had some ten years before published a work. The newspapers, it seems, had praised "the originality in its design and method of treatment." These criticisms he had unfortunately collected, and one morning—one unhappy morning—his eye fell on them. One paper especially, called "The Cynic," had, it seems, been praised for its originality, hardly any reviewer failing to notice it. We trust that some of these gentlemen are still living, and that to their lot may fall the task of reading these Memoirs, which are entirely due to their ill-judged praise. We could not wish them a more cruel fate. The Cynic was, he tells us, struck with the idea whether he could not publish his own autobiography something on the plan referred to. "The idea then expressed in some half-dozen pages was considered an original one, why, then, should the book be less so?" We cannot answer this question. For all we know, the book is no less an original idea than the idea that was expressed in some half-dozen pages. An idea expressed in some half-dozen pages or in three volumes strikes one, however, as a somewhat curious phrase. Be that as it may, the Cynic at once decided on beginning his autobiography, and determined, after mature deliberation, to divide it into two parts. In the part we have read his experiences of life were "of the gay description," though "frequently pathetic episodes would mix themselves up with the ridiculous in my earlier years." We have found nothing gay, nothing pathetic, but everywhere an even and unbroken waste of dreary dullness.

The Cynic, according to his own account, has for many years been a writer for the press. He began to write in the old Tory days, before the first Reform Bill, "when it required," he assures us, "no little courage on the part of the press to attack the abuses

of the Church alone." We do not know whether the following passage has been culled from his former writings, and is a proof of the great courage of his youth, or whether it remained for many years an original idea not expressed in any number of pages, till happier times have allowed it at last to be put into print:—

A tacit understanding seemed to exist between it [the Church] and the Law to allow these infamies to be carried on unchallenged. The Law legalized every injustice committed by the Church on condition that it had its share in the patronage; and the Church sanctified and absolved every legal infamy, provided it had for one of its objects the welfare of the Church temporalities; while the Crown stepped in and gave its sanction to both, thus forming a trinity of scandal which could not have been surpassed for bare-faced injustice and wickedness in the worst era of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is always a fortunate thing, when a writer makes an outrageous assertion, if the language in which he gives it forth is ridiculous. To compare the state of England in the days of George IV. with the worst era of the Roman Catholic Church is absurd. It is scarcely less absurd to call the Crown, Church, and Law a trinity of scandal. The Cynic, however, does not at any time weigh his words. He tells us in one passage that a smell of tar which increased in intensity formed a fitting prelude to a bustling scene of boats. In another he writes that an actress "was pantomimically overwhelmed with gratitude." In one place he falls into an error the very opposite of that which is laid to the charge of George III. It is said that the young King, when he was drafting his first speech to Parliament, wrote "I glory in the name of Britain." The Cynic writes, "I considered them collectively as an executive composed of Briton's best, wisest and bravest." A King may well be pardoned if, in the first speech that he has to write, he shows a little ignorance of spelling, but the Cynic has been on the press for full thirty years, and should by this time have learnt to spell the name of the island in which he lives. We can scarcely reproach him with his ignorance of his native language when he writes of reliable glances and talented dancers. *Talented* has at length appeared in large type in the *Times*, and *reliable* we fully expect to see soon follow. The two words generally go hand in hand. To call a performing dog the Thespian brother of a dog that had not learnt to perform, to speak of the animal's canine accomplishments, to describe the twilight in a room as a dim crepuscule, to say that a man had a difficulty in centralizing his thought, is the every-day English that we come across in our newspapers, and so need not excite our surprise. We may wonder, however, why all the people engaged in an Italian opera company are feminine. As among them the Cynic includes the head lamplighter, we do not understand why he should call them *employées*.

When we pass from the manner of the Cynic's Memoirs to the matter, we find no improvement. He describes in the first volume his foreign travels. He began by being a midshipman in the East India Company's service. He is very careful in each case to begin with the very beginning. Nothing is left to the reader's imagination. He got his appointment through a London merchant, to whose house of business he was taken by his guardian. We are told that the merchant's office was in George Court, Lombard Street. It may be admitted that a certain amount of minuteness is needful to give an air of reality to a story. Defoe, the Cynic would probably say, carried minuteness to an extraordinary degree, and see how Defoe is read. We will therefore not be too hard on our author, but will allow that he was justified in telling us that the house of a certain merchant, who at least fifty years ago got him an appointment as midshipman, was situated in George Court, Lombard Street. But here we must draw a line, and put in some little plea for our imagination. Was it needful to go further and tell us that "Mr. Burton's offices themselves consisted of two separate rooms, one marked 'private' for himself, and the other appropriated to two clerks"? Was it needful to add that the Cynic and his uncle were ushered into the private room? Had Mr. Burton proved a talented murderer, had he decoyed the fond youth and his confiding guardian into a dark-some den, feebly lighted by a dim crepuscule, had his *employées*, the two clerks, been reliable accomplices in disguise, and had the word "private" been only a prelude to secret assassination, then we could have approved, and more than approved, of the minuteness of the description. But nothing comes of all this. The guardian calmly signs a cheque, and about five minutes afterwards quits the office on his own legs, and not in a sack or a coffin. We shall not follow the Cynic in his adventures at sea, or in his long residence in Italy. We shall content ourselves with pointing out to our readers the accurate minuteness which he shows in this part of his Memoirs also. He arrives at a foreign city, Milan for instance. "Before the time for the *table d'hôte*," he writes, "Lefevre conducted me to the Duomo, and two or three other principal objects in the city, and we returned to the hotel." But we hasten past such occurrences as these to the second volume, when the author has become a theatrical critic. Here he is thrown across more than one of those very wicked noblemen who are to be found, if we may trust our writers, not only on the stage but also behind the scenes. He had, he says, an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the nobleman who "is believed to have served the late Mr. Thackeray as the model for his character of the Earl of Steyne in his novel of *Vanity Fair*." It was, by the way, a Marquis of Steyne, and not an earl. We are glad to find that the Cynic does not think it necessary to be as minute as usual in his account of the wicked deeds of the nobility. He says, "besides the noblemen alluded to, there were many others who made themselves notorious by their profligacy, but of (*sic*)

* *Memoirs of a Cynic*. Edited by William Gilbert, Author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1880.

whom, out of respect to the feelings of their descendants, I will not further allude." The sentiment is certainly respectable, though the English in which it is expressed is more than doubtful. In the following page we read that "no greater reformation has taken place among any class in England in their respect for decency and public opinion, as well as in their private lives, than that which now exists between the manners and habits of the present generation and those which were common some forty years ago." Here again our satisfaction in the statement that our author makes is considerably lessened by the difficulty we find in understanding his English. How, we may ask, can a reformation exist between the manners and habits of two generations? While we record the improvement in our nobility, justice will not allow us to pass over the merits of certain ladies of the ballet in days long gone by. Mme. G—— and Mme. B——, we read, led lives so far above scandal "that they were selected as teachers of dancing to the young Princess who was afterwards to be our Queen. It may naturally be imagined," the Cynic goes on to remark, "that neither of them would have been chosen for a duty of the kind had not her reputation been in every sense of the word perfectly irreproachable." We have led our readers from a merchant who had a room marked private to wicked noblemen; from wicked noblemen to reformed noblemen; from them to anonymous but perfectly irreproachable ladies of the ballet; and so onwards and upwards to the young princess who has since become our Queen. We have not exhausted even half the second volume, and we can assure those who like such reading that in the parts that we are forced to leave unnoticed they will find a great deal more quite equal to the passages we have quoted.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE principal work on our present list offers a remarkable contrast to that which was incomparably the most interesting of those we noticed last month—the Memorial volume of the Army of Northern Virginia. This also is in some sense a memorial work. Its size, the style of its execution, the scale on which the minutest and most trivial incidents are recorded, its costliness, and its utter disregard of proportion and of the relative importance of topics, imply that it is to be regarded not as a genuine contribution to American literature, still less as an attempt to meet any real popular demand, but as a mere attempt to glorify a man to whom we hope the glorification must be intensely disagreeable. This record of General Grant's tour round the world, in two ponderous quarto volumes (1), contrasts in every way with the simple, unpretending, and profoundly touching memorial of the army which, by force of numbers alone, General Grant defeated. The tour was a parade, in thorough American taste, of one whom, since Americans so chose to present him, other countries were in a sense bound to receive as the representative of American nationality. The book reminds us not a little of the volumes in which the Shah of Persia has recorded his impressions of European scenes and persons; except, of course, that it utterly lacks the *naïveté* of the Eastern monarch's views of European civilization. It has all the vices of courtiership, with none of the dignity which loyalty and reverence for an ancient title may sometimes give to the subserviency of a Court; all the bunkum and bad taste of American hero-worship, all the pert assumption of superiority, all the endeavour to be funny, attended by signal ill-success, that characterize a certain class of American books of travel. In a word, it is about the very worst book of its size in the world, and will do all that biography can do to render an eminent man ridiculous. How General Grant can have tolerated its publication we are at a loss to conceive. Moreover, there is a great deal more in it of Mr. Russell Young than of General Grant. The courier figures quite as prominently, supplies as much of the real material of the work, as its nominal hero. It is padded with descriptions and engravings—both as a rule bad—of things and persons that have been described over and over again to weariness by American and English writers. The author has carried out in a new form the national idea of grandeur as consisting simply in size, and has carried it out to a point of absurdity never before attained. It is a relief, in the midst of Mr. Young's flippant and meaningless verbiage, to come across the addresses presented by various public bodies, English and other, to the General, which in any other work would be skipped as tedious to the last degree; a still greater relief to read the brief, polite, carefully constructed sentences in which the General studiously contrived, like his panegyrist, to say nothing, but, unlike him, to say nothing in the fewest possible words, and with the least possible offence. Perhaps the greatest merit which General Grant has displayed in civil life, certainly that which has most contributed to his success as a politician, is his signal capacity for holding his tongue. He alone of Presidential candidates does not need to be surrounded by a bodyguard instructed to exclude interviewers and strangers, and to deprive the object of their care of everything that can be converted into writing materials. He has always known how to answer a deputation of his countrymen with all the skill and success, if not with all the affability, that distinguished Lord Palmerston—

To say nothing without he's compelled to,
And then to say nothing that he can be held to;

and his merit in this respect must be measured by the persistent

(1) *Around the World with General Grant, in 1877-8-9.* By John Russell Young. 2 vols. with 800 illustrations. New York: The American News Company. London: Trübner & Co.

inquisitiveness of those with whom he had to deal. It must have been a comparatively easy task for him to answer English mayors, and foreign princes and diplomatists, without saying anything that could possibly be turned to electioneering account beyond the Atlantic. But it is hard upon him that the record of a tour whose object was distinctly negative—to take him for a while from under the eyes of his too observant countrymen, and give them time to forget the President, and remember the conqueror of Virginia—and of speeches whose purpose was equally null, should laboriously defeat his aim. However, it will assuredly not deprive him long of the temporary oblivion he is believed to have sought; for the most impatient New Englander, confined by the heaviest rains in the dullest of country taverns, could not attempt to read more than a few pages of this insufferable narrative of interminable nothings. It is notorious that General Grant has never shown that skill in selecting his personal *entourage* which he must have possessed in choosing lieutenants and assistants in the field, and that he has suffered heavily in character, reputation, and influence, through the sins and blunders of those with whom he has surrounded himself; but perhaps he never made a worse mistake of this kind than when he chose as the journalist of his voyage the author of these two massive volumes, with their eight hundred illustrations.

Mrs. Woolson's "Southern Sketches" (2) are on the whole commendable. They are taken, of course, from a Northern point of view; but there is evidently no intentional injustice, no disposition to colour the scenes and characters of those among whom, soon after the war, she as a Northern visitor received at least as much courtesy and consideration as she could fairly have expected—treatment very different from that which a German lady similarly settling in France after 1870 would have received. Her testimony to the acts of Sherman and others is the more worthy of observation and remembrance because it is incidental and involuntary. The savage atrocities committed by the invaders in South Carolina have been studiously ignored, if not denied, by Federal partisans on this side of the Atlantic; and it is well therefore to have the truth recalled by a few quiet, matter-of-fact descriptions taken down from the lips of eye-witnesses by one whose sympathies evidently go with the destroyer. A tinge of deep melancholy pervades nearly all these papers—sketches, slight as they are, of a ruined people and a ravaged land. But it seems a little strange that Mrs. Woolson should treat the bitterness of Southern women, the resentment of Southern soldiers, as something unreasonably exaggerated and almost unnatural. Evidently she has never tried to ask herself what would have been her own feelings and those of her kindred and countrymen in similar circumstances.

The industrial history of the United States is one of the grandest and, at the same time, most difficult subjects that a writer thoroughly in earnest could undertake; one which, undertaken with clear views of the object to be aimed at, the bounds to be observed, and the proportionate importance of different branches of so great a theme, might achieve for its author a high and permanent place in literature. Unfortunately, though the solid volume of Mr. Albert Bolles (3) contains an immense mass of very valuable information, it has been begun and carried through with so dim a notion in the author's mind of his own real purpose, so poor a conception of what such a work should aim at, that the general result is altogether disappointing. By striking out some two-thirds of the matter he has inserted, the merit of his book would be not a little enhanced, though it would still remain a monument of somewhat elaborate failure. As it is, it is so overloaded with details which would be more in place in the advertising columns of a technical journal, that we fear it will find but few readers, at least on this side of the Atlantic, and will win for its author no credit at all proportioned to the labour it must have cost.

We have before us two works on Health Resorts, their general operation and the particular conditions by which their choice should be governed; the main distinction between the two being the limitation of one of them to a single disease and a single locality. Dr. Denison professes to describe only the health resorts of the great mountain range of North-Western America (4), a favourite region with invalids suffering from that terrible scourge of the English race which seems to be almost more common and more fatal in the United States than in the mother-country. How and why mountain air, and especially the air of the Rocky Mountains, with the desert on the east, the vaporous masses constantly drawn in from the vast water surface of the Pacific on the west, arrested by their higher peaks, should be especially favourable to the recovery of consumptive patients in the earlier stages of the disease, Dr. Denison discusses at some length and with undoubted practical knowledge. One especial peculiarity of the sanatoria of the Far West is that few of them were chosen originally as resorts for valetudinarians. On the contrary, they first attracted men prepared for the hardest labour and the roughest life, chiefly adventurous gold-miners like those who had already spread over

(2) *Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches.* By Constance F. Woolson. Author of "Castle Nowhere," &c. New York: Appleton & Co. 1880.

(3) *Industrial History of the United States, from the Earliest Settlements to the Present Time; being a Complete Survey of American Industries.* Illustrated. By A. S. Bolles, Author of "The Conflict between Labour and Capital," &c. Norwich, Conn.: The Henry Bull Publishing Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(4) *Rocky Mountain Health Resorts: an Analytical Study of High Altitudes in Relation to the Arrest of Chronic Pulmonary Disease.* By C. Denison, A.M., M.D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

California; and more than one of the places chiefly recommended to sufferers from pulmonary disease, like Denver, still retain in the character of their society very perceptible traces of their origin. It might perhaps be found on a careful examination of their statistics that till very lately the heaviest loss of human life in that region was not among invalids; that dangers quite as great as consumption itself lay in the fierce tempers of the original population, as yet imperfectly restrained by lax legislation and an ill-organized police. Dr. Wilson, with wider knowledge and experience, covers also a wider range, and there is a great deal in his little volume (5) both of local information and of practical suggestion respecting the cases in which change of air is or is not a proper remedy, and the sanitary precautions by which it should be accompanied, which will be as useful to English as to American invalids.

Dr. Belknap's Biographies of the pioneers of Transatlantic discovery (6) won celebrity at the very beginning of this century. They are now reprinted with a fair chance of revived popularity. But since their original publication so much new information on the subject has been acquired, so many documents then unknown have been ferreted out, and such pains have been bestowed on rendering their contents available to the general reader, that we cannot well recommend this volume as in any sense a complete account of what is now known respecting the achievements of the Spanish, French, and English successors of Columbus during two centuries of constant progress, achieved by daring courage and arduous labour, at no little cost of life. Certainly the discoverers of the great lakes, the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the vast ranges of fertile land drained by each of these grand water systems, deserve more honour than they have yet received from the millions who have entered into the fruits of their labour. What those fruits are may be seen at a glance in Mr. Edward Atkinson's chart entitled *Our National Domain* (7).

The collected Reports of the United States Consuls on the state of European labour, the rate of wages, and the temper of the working classes in England and throughout Europe in the year 1878 (8) are, as usual, worthy of attention, containing a quantity of statistical and other information which, so far as we are aware, is not so easily accessible in any other form.

The Report of the Commissioners of the State Survey of New York, on the suggestion—originally emanating, we believe, from Lord Dufferin—that the land around the Falls of Niagara should be acquired by the joint action of the Empire State and the Dominion of Canada (9), and preserved by them as a sort of international pleasure-ground, possesses high interest for all who have seen or hope to see one of the grandest of natural scenes, and who would wish it to be protected against further desecration, and the hideous deformity which greed and bad taste are constantly aggravating. Already hotel-keepers and other speculators in the curiosity of mankind have done much to disfigure the scene. If it should be found possible to utilize the gigantic water-power for manufacturing purposes, we may expect still worse disfigurement. It seems hardly conceivable that the terrific force of the Falls, or even of the rapids, could be tamed to human uses; but American engineering is so well disposed to attempt the gigantic and grotesque, if not the impossible, that such evidence of a disposition to protect the Falls and the surrounding scenery as is given in the volume before us entitles the State Government of New York to a degree of respect and gratitude abroad which we fear it has not always of late enjoyed among its own constituents.

Mr. Bartol has given the title of *Principles and Portraits* (10) to a collection of very long and somewhat incoherent essays on such subjects as Life and Love, Art and Science, Education and Religion, Shakspeare, Channing, and Garrison. They are chiefly remarkable for their sentimental and sensational vehemence, not to say extravagance.

An anonymous volume of essays (11) opening with one on Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American life is more readable, more interesting, and contains more practical truth than many much more pretentious works of a class too common in England, and becoming yet more common in America. The two leading ideas—illustrated more or less directly in nearly all the essays—deserve perhaps more attention than they are likely to obtain. Though the labouring wage-receiving democracy of the United States is better off than the corresponding class in any other country—some of our own colonies, perhaps, excepted—though it has few grievances, practical or political, to complain of, nevertheless the extent of its power and the current opinions under the influence of which it is brought appear to render it not less discontented, while

its discontent is much more formidable, than is the case with the working classes of most European countries, France perhaps excepted. The ideas which seem to have found favour with no small proportion of the ablest and most thoughtful immigrants of this class are scarcely less extravagant than those of the Russian Nihilists or the German Socialists, though they are happily unaccompanied by the bloodthirsty violence which characterizes some of their European prototypes. On the other hand, the practical opportunities both of self-elevation and of usefulness to others which are open to men and women of all ranks in the society of the West, where no solid crust of habit and organization constrains individual freedom of thought and action, take away one of the principal excuses for extravagant theorizing and passionate rebellion against existing order, which the social compression of older countries tends in certain minds to produce. Both these facts are not only clearly stated, but illustrated by numerous pointed and very well told instances, in the volume before us.

Mr. Woolsey's History of Communism and Socialism (12) is, as the author modestly calls it, a mere sketch, and the subject is one of which mere sketches are perhaps hardly effective. Most readers who care to enter upon the subject at all are tolerably familiar with the general outlines of the various socialist experiments that have been made in all ages, but in none so largely as during the present century; and Mr. Woolsey has little that is new to tell us about any of them; nor are his general observations, however sensible, particularly novel. The best feature of the book is the temper it displays, steadily true to the sound principles of political economy, while just and even generous to those who by ignorance and by circumstances are naturally tempted to set them at defiance.

Mr. S. J. Watson's little volume on the Powers of Canadian Parliaments (13) is, though interesting, somewhat disappointing. It contains no clear and full account of the general nature of that distribution of authority of which for various reasons the Canadian Federation offers an almost unique example; while it enters at great length into particular questions of only local and provincial interest. The Canadian Constitution is peculiar in this—that it is the Constitution not only of a Federation but of a dependency; and further, that the sovereign of the Dominion is also the sovereign of each of its constituent fractions. This last peculiarity is exhibited in various disputes as to the party entitled to exercise and benefit by the prerogatives of the Crown. The ownership of the Queen over waste lands, escheats, and so forth, being undeniable, the question arises whether that ownership is to be exerted by the Queen as represented by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, or by the Queen as represented by the Governor-General; it might conceivably be added, or by the Queen as head of the Imperial Government. But the position of Canada as a dependency of the British Crown has one supreme advantage of which we are glad to see that a Canadian patriot like the author is fully conscious. The Federal idea excludes that of absolute sovereignty either in the Federation or in the Provinces; and in an extreme case there is no last arbitrament but that of the sword. But between the Provinces and the Dominion of Canada there exists an arbitrament in the last resort absolute and supreme—that of the Imperial Crown and Parliament; a power which, unlike the Supreme Court of the United States, can not merely lay down the law, but make it.

Mr. Fowler's account of twenty years spent amid the intense excitement of Wall Street (14) speculation, though somewhat too long and too full of purely technical terms which are never sufficiently explained, is very readable and interesting, often very amusing. As elsewhere, so on the Exchange, American extravagance out-Herods the wildest extravagances of European speculation, and the achievements of the Vanderbilts, Drews, *et hoc genus*, both in their colossal character and in their audacious smartness, are calculated to astound even those familiar with the secrets of European Bourses.

The *Studies of Irving* (15), written in the form of biographical and critical essays by three able contemporaries, will probably find a large number of readers, Washington Irving having been one of those literary men whose personality excites an interest quite as great, if not as lasting, as that attaching to their works.

The selections of American prose (16) for which we are indebted to Messrs. Houghton, Osgood, & Co. are somewhat more successful than is usually the case with such collections, the specimens, taken exclusively from modern writers, being at once interesting in themselves and generally characteristic.

The *Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk* (17), a poem in the form of a pamphlet by Mr. G. Houghton, shows somewhat more of poetic feeling than of critical judgment or power of versification.

(5) *Health and Health Resorts*. By John Wilson, M.D. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. London: Trübner & Co.

(6) *Rev. Dr. Belknap's Biographies of the Early Discoverers of America: a Reprint of the First Edition of 1793*. New York: Collins & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(7) *Our National Domain; being a Graphical Presentation of the Comparative Areas of the States and Territories of the United States and the Countries of Europe*. By Edward Atkinson. Second Edition. Boston: Williams & Co. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co.

(8) *State of Labour in Europe, 1878: Reports from the United States Consuls in the Several Countries of Europe*. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

(9) *Special Report of New York State Survey on the Preservation of the Scenery of Niagara Falls, &c., for the year 1879*. Albany: Van Benthusen & Sons.

(10) *Principles and Portraits*. By C. A. Bartol, Author of "Radical Problems," &c. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

(11) *Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life; and other Papers*. Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(12) *Communism and Socialism in their History and Theory: a Sketch*. By Theodore D. Woolsey. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(13) *The Powers of Canadian Parliaments*. By S. J. Watson, Librarian of the Parliament of Ontario. Toronto: Robinson. 1880.

(14) *Twenty Years of Inside Life in Wall Street; or, Revelations of the Personal Experience of a Speculator*. By W. W. Fowler. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(15) *Studies of Irving*. By C. Dudley Warner, W. Cullen Bryant, and G. Palmer Putnam. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(16) *American Prose.—Hawthorne; Irving; Longfellow; Whittier; Holmes; Lowell; Thoreau; Emerson*. With Introduction and Notes by the Editor of "American Poems." Boston: Houghton, Osgood, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

(17) *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk*. By George Houghton, Author of "Christmas Booklet," &c. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1880.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Edinburgh, April 28, 1880.

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Secretary—SILAS WAYMOUTH, Esq.

OFFICES: 13 FENCHURCH AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

The Managers of the ORIENT STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, Limited, offer for subscription 24,000 Shares of the Company of £10 each, representing £240,000; which, with 36,000 Shares already issued, will constitute an issue of £600,000, out of the total authorised capital of £1,000,000.

The Company was formed on February 12, 1878, as a private Company (nothing being paid for goodwill, nor by way of promotion money), to acquire and carry on the Orient Line of Steamers then running between London and Australia, and generally to engage in, and develop, the steam trade with Australia.

The requirements of the trade are now such that it has been determined to give the undertaking a more public character, and to offer for public subscription a portion of its Capital.

New Articles of Association of the Company have accordingly been recently adopted, removing restrictions on the transfer of Shares contained in the original Articles, and effecting other changes in the constitution of the Company, rendered necessary by the intended increase in its capital, and the enlargement of its constituency.

The Steamships belonging to the Company are the *Lusitania*, *Chimborazo*, *Cuzco*, *Garonne*, and *Orient*, in all 29,783 tons register, besides a steam tender in Australia. The first four of these vessels were bought from the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, at the outset of the Orient Company's operations, and the *Orient* was built and engined for the Company in 1878-79 by Messrs. John Elder & Co., of Glasgow.

The only liabilities of the Company, besides ordinary current accounts, are £93,850 raised on debentures at 5 per cent. interest, and £45,000 on bills payable, the greater part of which latter amount consists of balance of purchase-money not yet due.

The Company's first steamer was despatched on March 7, 1878. From that date to December 31, 1879, the net earnings of the Company, after paying all preliminary and working expenses, including maintenance and insurance, have yielded the sum of £255,996, out of which £32,345 has been carried to Reserve, and the balance paid in interest and dividend.

The sailings of the Orient Line were at intervals of six weeks in 1877; of one calendar month in 1878; and every four weeks, with occasional extra sailings, in 1879. In January 1880 the Company commenced, in conjunction with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, a regular Fortnightly Service between England and Australia.

By the terms of the Agreement between the two Companies for this purpose, the number of steamers which they shall respectively be entitled to run in the Line is defined, and the present increase of Capital is intended to enable the Orient Company to take up in due time the full share so reserved to them, and to keep pace with the growth of their trade by building new Steamers and otherwise developing the business.

The import and export Trade of the Australasian Colonies for the year 1878 (the latest for which official returns are yet published) amounted to £94,742,703.

It is estimated that nearly £5,000,000 will be realised from the exports of the Colonies this year in excess of that which they yielded in the preceding season, in consequence mainly of the great rise in the value of wool and other products, and the large wheat surplus.

The export of fresh frozen meat is likely to yield an important addition to the Company's earnings. A number of applications for space have already been received, and the necessary refrigerating machines are about to be fitted in the steamers to enable them to carry the meat on freight.

The steamers of the Line are now regularly carrying mails for a merely nominal remuneration; but the time cannot be distant when the authorities will recognize the policy and justice of paying adequately for so important a public service.

The Colonial International Exhibitions of the present and of last year must stimulate the trade and bring the Colonies into closer relations with England and the Continent of Europe.

The power which a service of Steamers by itself exerts in creating new traffic is well known, and the Australian trade is proving no exception to the rule.

The direct service of the Orient Line, consisting of first-class Steamers sailing regularly at moderate intervals both ways by the best routes, has become a necessary link between England and her Australasian Colonies. Mercantile business is now to a great extent arranged so as to use the Steamers, and the travelling public at both ends have learned by experience the advantages which they offer to passengers, as proved by the large numbers in which they use the Line.

Considering the vast area of fertile land available for cultivation in these Colonies, the salubrity of the climate, and the wealth realized by those who have already settled there, it is evident that the better class of Emigrants from the old country must be more and more attracted to these magnificent territories.

In view of the foregoing considerations, it is submitted that there is a large and most promising field for the future operations of the Company.

The Managers at present hold 10,360 Shares, and by their agreement with the Company mentioned below are bound to hold not less than 5,000 Shares while they continue in the office of managers.

On the 36,000 Shares already issued, £8 per Share is at present paid up. A similar sum is to be paid up on the 24,000 Shares now offered, in the following instalments, viz. :—

£1	to be paid on application.
£1	" " allotment.
£2	" " 30th September, 1880.
£2	" " 31st December, 1880.
£2	" " 31st March, 1881.

Shares of the present issue will rank for dividend according to the amount called and paid from time to time.

The calls may be paid in advance, and interest at 4 per cent. per annum will be allowed on payments so anticipated.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned, and if a smaller number of Shares be allotted than applied for, the surplus of the deposit will be applicable to the payment of the amount due on allotment. If any instalment is not duly paid, the allotment will be liable to cancellation, and payments previously made to forfeited.

Application for Shares must be made in the accompanying form, and delivered, with the deposit of £1 per Share, to the Bankers.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Company's Offices, 13 Fenchurch Avenue; and of the Company's Bankers and Brokers.

In compliance with the Act of Parliament, it is necessary to mention the following contracts, which are in the hands of the Company's solicitors :—

DATES.	PARTIES.
January 21, 1878....	The Pacific Steam Navigation Company of the one part, and Messrs. Anderson, Anderson, & Co., of the other part.
January 28, 1878....	Messrs. Anderson, Anderson, & Co., of the one part, and Messrs. F. Green & Co., of the other part.
January 29, 1878....	Messrs. Anderson, Anderson, & Co., and Messrs. F. Green & Co., of the one part, and Mr. George Slader (a Trustee for the Company), of the other part.
October 28, 1879....	The Orient Steam Navigation Company, Limited, and the Pacific Steam Navigation Company.
April 27, 1880.....	The Orient Steam Navigation Company, Limited, of the one part, and Messrs. Anderson, Anderson, & Co., and Messrs. F. Green & Co., of the other part.

13 Fenchurch Avenue, London, May 21, 1880.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

TO THE MANAGERS OF THE "ORIENT STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, LIMITED."

1880.

Having paid to your Bankers, Messrs. _____, £ _____, being at the rate of £1 per Share on the Shares now applied for, I hereby request you to allot to me _____ Shares of the new issue of 24,000 Shares of £10 each in your Company, and I agree to accept such Shares, or any smaller number that you may allot to me, and to pay £1 per Share on allotment, and all other calls thereon, as set forth in the Prospectus, dated May 21, 1880.

Name in full
Usual Signature
Profession
Address

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The addition to Policies taken out in 1861 was sufficient, if so applied, to extinguish all Premiums payable during the next ten years; whilst Policies taken out in 1855 could also extinguish their Premiums in like manner, still retaining an increasing bonus of 40 per cent. on the sums originally assured.
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